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Reason and Honour

By Eden Phillpotts

WAS not the bounty of the grape and corn,
Burned into ripeness by a summer sped,
Harvest enough without all they have borne
In their own aching flesh and from their bosoms fed?

Shall they, the mothers of the time to be,
Create for nothing but a league-long grave,
That swallows up their immortality
And hideous yawns across a kingdom while they rave?

'Tis they who forge the bolt, when nations chafe
And howl their battle cries of right and wrong;
'Tis they who lead the mighty armies safe
To manhood's threshold, brave and beautiful and strong.

For death's the only answer that we make
When hungry kingdoms rise and fall on strife;
Still one insensate spirit's greed can break
The wide world's peace, and drain her holy founts of life.

And still the grandest death that man may die
Is held the death of war, at some great need
Beyond all human reason's power to try,
Since honour often spurns her sister, reason's rede.

For reason's dumb while honour's thirsty blade
Still flashes to the universe how man
Remains so blind, so faltering, so afraid
That carnage yet controls his highest hope and plan.

But reason, guarding well her golden light,
Denies he shall for ever sate his dearth
Like wolf or tiger; wills such futile might
Anon be banned and thrust from off the good round earth.

She dawns upon the darkness of our eyes;
Reveals that war can only hurl us back
On hostile values; whispers to the wise
How virtue in the fed is vice to them that lack.

Virtue and vice are names, not qualities,
And when the baffled cry that might is right,
No smug opinion from the unconscious skies
For doubtful virtue's sake shall hold them to their plight.

All nations live by ideals; but in need
They linger with no ethic obsolete;
They bend the knee to no unfriendly creed;
But tramp their values firm beneath an army's feet.

Remains to man this everlasting truth:
That for his sure defence and steadfast guide,
Reason and honour, by the way of ruth,
Shall yet march, hand in hand, and onward, side by side.

Again the world is meeting might with might,
And when the battle's fought and lost and won,
Pray victory decree, as primal right,
That reason also wins a kingdom in the sun.

Then shall she swiftly, for our world-wide shame,
Bend to the Mother from her starry place
And, in humanity's almighty name,
For ever dry the tears upon that sacred face.

To Great Britain

By H. D. Rawnsley

BRITAIN! you with a heart of flame
One as in days gone by.
You who honour your Nelson's name,
How could you hear the word of shame
Nor rise and give it the lie!

Better endure war's worst of ills,
The woe of a hundred fights,
Than cower behind your banks and tills
And smug with your money, your mines, your mills,
Forswear a neighbour's rights.

For how could you hope for a wide world's trust
If, traitor by land and sea,
You had let French lilies lie in the dust,
Nor challenged for peace the war-lord's lust
And struck for a Europe free.

Fight and in hope, for battle is banned,
The world shall yet rejoice,
For the peoples rise in wrath to demand,
Henceforth no war shall trouble the land
Except at a people's voice.

Notes on Some of My Wanderings

By Arthur Symons

I. Constantinople

I saw in Constantinople two gypsy girls outside the Garden des Grands-Champs. The tap was turned on, there was a struggle of men and boys with water-cans; one girl, a gypsy of about twelve, stood there, dressed in a long yellow-flowered dress over a purple under-skirt, with bare feet, and a white handkerchief with delicately-coloured flowers stamped on it over her head. She was tall, slender, exquisitely shaped, with delicate hands, a ring of rich metal on one finger and a broad smooth bangle of white metal on one wrist; she would turn up her sleeve and set it in its place with her fingers. She had the most splendid face I have ever seen in a child; brown, the colour of a Hindu, broad from cheek-bone to cheek-bone; every feature carved with a kind of energetic perfection, like a Sphinx that had come to life. The mouth was the strung bow, with the upward turn of the bow-ends, and with an inexpressible elegance in its elasticity. It was broad, over white teeth. The nose was straight, slightly curved at the tip; the ears delicately finished. The eyes, under eyebrows barely arched from the level, were large, and of an Eastern darkness; but the eyelids rolled up from them as if a curtain had lifted, and showed them to you on a circle of white fire. They were without craft or stealth; they glowed, and turned slowly, with the pride of the animal, always gravely. A boy with his tray was passing. She beckoned to him (she had drawn back from the useless struggle, and sat on her water-can against the wall), and he stopped, sullenly, but as if compelled. She put her fingers on his tray, eagerly, and found a little round metal-backed mirror. She held it up to her face in the palm of her hand, looked at her face carefully, as if study-

ing it, pushed up one or two black curls of hair under her handkerchief, wrinkled up her mouth a little, wiped a corner near her upper lip; and, in laying down the mirror again, gravely passed a packet of cigarette-paper into a fold of her waist. The boy saw her and held out his hand for it. She protested, then, with a haughty gesture, drew out the packet of cigarette-paper and handed it back to him. I stayed for a long time at the edge of the pavement, watching the struggle round the fountain. Her eyes rested on me, and passed over me; but, just before I went on, she looked across, with a look of one equally outside things, and smiled brilliantly at me, with eyes and teeth and mouth, in a manner of perfectly disinterested friendliness. I never saw anyone so fiercely and elegantly alive, or with such electricity in her eyes. As I went back through the Grande Rue de Péra, elbowing that motley crowd, I seemed to be passing through a menagerie of jackals and hyenas, after coming from the presence of a wandering princess whom I had met by the way.

One sees, in the streets, the Egyptian, Sphinx-type, with the hood drawn tightly round, like a nun's. Then there are the many Arab faces of the men, matching their shirts; negroes in white, their protruding features bursting out of the covering. Then one sees the Arabs of the desert, with white head-dresses, knotted with twisted wire and camel's hair. After these come the Hadjis with their green sash wound round the fez, making it into a kind of turban; the dervishes, with their high brown fez-like caps; small boys, who have been taken to Mecca by their fathers. Then one comes on the Turk, with his stealthy look sideways, out of half-shut, narrow eyes. The same type prevails: a large, hooked nose, receding chin, narrow cheeks and high cheek-bones. In the shapes of faces, the strange profile is often seen here, of a hooked nose curling in lengthily all down the face, like a red Indian's. Then, the lean Arabs, with their long saffron coats. As for the splendour of the women's eyes, they are seen in a carriage, under a veil, in a half naked child: large, shining, dark amber, full of empty beauty, voluptuous, languishing, enticing.

In the Museum there is a medallion in stone of the barbarian chief, like a Renaissance Italian medallion: a

fierce and eager profile, with long matted hair, a flattened forehead, and turned-up nose, eyes strained to watch, the whole face in forward movement: a kind of Carlyle face. The Sarcophagus of Alexander—tomb of a Prince of Sidon, at the end of the fourth century—is probably the work of a Greek sculptor. It has the quality of mediæval work, of some of the German wood and stone and brass: a vivacity, an energy, a realism, which go beyond the discreet limits of the art of sculpture, as the paint, of which so much remains untouched, seems to bring a new, unnecessary element into it. There is a marvellous reality in this tangle of men and horses, those Asiatics in their trousers and long gilded shirts, their hoods drawn about their heads, who grimace with terror and strike mortal blows, and are trampled under foot by screaming horses, in almost a real battle, which one hears as well as sees. All repose, all subordination of the striking to the beautiful, has gone: here is the Greek in competition with Adam Krafft, forcing stone to render pain, the twist of violent movement, a struggle; the relief stands out almost in the round, is no longer a part of the stone, of the structure.

Near it is the naïve and languid Asiatic sculpture of the Sarcophagus of the Satrap, with its half-effaced charm and grace, elegance of outline and of pattern; the really Greek Sarcophagus of Lycia, with its winged Sphinxes and the standing dragons on the sides of the lid: the two stone figures of the Sphinx have a kind of pathetic weariness in their women's faces and in the subtle outlines of their breasts and claws.

In the Museum of the Janissaries are one hundred and thirty-eight figures, huge painted dolls, with rudely expressive faces, and the bright, crude clothes that they wore: all their ranks, from the primitive soldiers playing on little drums and a sort of guitar, to the head officer sitting cross-legged with his lovely white cloak edged with brown fur. From the door one gets an extraordinary aspect: this roomful of wild, staring objects, with their robes, swords, and kettles.

Is not the mosque architecture that of the palm-tree and the cypress: the dome and the minaret? The Almedié, with its six minarets, its many domes, its palissades of green trees over the stone wall chequered by its long row

of barred windows, seems to grow there, with a life of its own; somehow less built, less fitted together, and ornamented, and broken, than the Gothic architecture.

II. Dieppe

I once spent five perfectly idle days at Dieppe, absolutely alone and absolutely happy. It was at the beginning of June, and I lay on the beach almost all day long, with the sun and the sea wind on my face. I had been spending four feverish months at Paris, and I was tired out—tired of rushing about, of seeing famous people, of going to theatres, balls and dinners. I wanted rest. I wanted to be alone. So I went to Dieppe, telling no one where I was going—not to be troubled even by a letter. I found a quaint old hotel, near the sea, a rambling, country-like place, where I could have a room and my meals—delightful meals, with courses of strange things out of the sea, and honest bottles of old wine. There was scarcely anyone in the hotel but myself; one or two people occasionally came in to the *table d'hôte* dinner—an engineer who was at work, I gathered, at the Casino, a military personage, a sea-captain. Every day the *garçon* donned his dress clothes to wait upon us, moving briskly between the melancholy rows of little white-covered tables, laid out with the knives and forks that nobody used. There was a charming old woman, a typical Norman peasant, who looked after my room, and was so anxious that everything should be done exactly as I wished. I rose early, took my coffee and roll, and went out on the beach till it was time for *déjeuner*; then I returned to the beach till dinner-time; and after dinner I went on the beach again until it grew dark, lying there in the dark, often, listening to the sound of the unseen waves; and then I went to a *café*, going home at midnight through the streets already deserted. I had only one book with me, Verlaine's *Romances sans Paroles*; every day I put it in my pocket before I went out, and sometimes I took it out of my pocket, but never read anything.

"O triste, triste, était mon âme
A cause, à cause d'une femme,"

I would see on the page I opened, and then the book would drop from my hand, and I would lose myself in a delicious reverie, watching the five sails coming out of the horizon—

five, I counted, as the black specks broadened into visible outline.

Just that—simply to lie sunning myself on the beach—was all I wanted; and to lie there, in face of the sea, absolutely alone in the world, was enough to fill every day with its equable and sufficing measure of delight. I could hear the band of the Casino, I used to see the people moving about in the gardens, but I never wished to enter. I had all the entertainment I wanted in doing nothing and looking at the sea. Not even curiosity remained in my mind. I had no wish that was not immediately gratified. I had simply to remember that I was there, just so, and I could conceive of nothing beyond. There never was such a sea, such a sky, such miraculous flights of sea-birds, such going and coming of sails out of nowhere, back to nowhere. The arrival of a steamer was only not too painful a distraction. I could look on from aloof, impersonally, and without excitement. One day the trains came down with a load of sightseers from Paris. Then, I confess, I was a little troubled; not merely by the silk hats, the field-glasses, the air of vulgarity on a holiday, but by a Parisian daintiness which I noticed in one or two laughing creatures who passed me, on their trim little boots. The elegance of a waist, the contour of a cheek under the shade of an exciting mystery of bows and feathers called a hat, a casually intercepted smile, a wicked laugh—all this brought back the memory of Paris, of what is in Paris and Paris only. It passed, before the sightseers had gone back miserably under the fine, drenching rain, and then I was left alone again, to my happiness.

One day I went out as usual, a day of drowsy sunshine, and I lay on the beach with the calm certainty of an absolutely happy day before me. I had my Verlaine in my hand, and I turned the pages to and fro, seeming to hear the remote music of the verses coming from across the breadths of glittering water. How far away that noisy, unprofitable life of Paris seemed to me now, and with what relief I thought that I had left it behind me! A life of gay movement, the dance of marionettes to the refrains of a *café*-concert! But I had escaped, I had found my way to this paradise of lazy quietude, only haunted vaguely, and at rare moments, by the memory of a past that had

certainly once been so delightful. And here nothing would ever come to disturb me; there would always be the white beach, the sea curling along the line of shore, the placid sky lifting the sea out into infinity, and behind me, between me and Paris, the little town huddled in sleep, the rocking of the masts where the fishing-boats drowsed together, the grey cliffs rising up like a wall of defence, a shelter against the world and its agitations.

Not far away, on the beach, two men were launching a boat. Through half-shut eyelids I watched them draw the black keel over the shining pebbles; they hauled it along with an effort, then paused, then hauled it along again, the sand of pebbles crunching and rattling beneath it. Now it touched the edge of the water: one more thrust, and the boat slipped into the sea, the men jumped into it, and I watched it as it rocked to and fro while they drew out the oars and settled into their places. Then the oars struck the water and with slow, regular strokes they pulled out to sea. There is nothing more vague, dreamy, and delightful than the sight of a boat gliding away over the water—one knows not whither, off into the unknown, away from the world. The oars dipped and rose, dipped and rose, in a rhythm that set my dreams to music, as the boat glided out to sea like a dream. But how was it that the rhythm stopped so suddenly? The men had ceased rowing, they rested on their oars, they had turned and faced each other. It was too far to hear the sound of voices, but they seemed to be quarrelling. I sprang to my feet, and gazed with intense curiosity at the little boat and the men resting on their oars. Presently one of them bounded upright, losing hold of his oar, which slipped from the rowlock and floated off on the water. The black figure loomed up across the light, swayed, and launched forward in a blow. The other man, without rising, tried to return the blow with his oar; then the oar dropped from his hands, and he sprang upright and grappled with his companion. The boat rocked and lurched under them as they wrestled: a moment more, I thought, and it will capsize. But one of the two forced the other back into the stern and held him down. Presently he loosed his hold, and in a moment the two were on their feet, grappling together while the boat rocked under them.

By this time people had gathered round me on the beach, and there was a confused chorus of cries and ejaculations. "It is Jacques and Baptiste," said a woman, wringing her hands.

"No," said a sailor who had brought a spy-glass. "It is Jean and Etienne."

"They are drunk!" "They are mad!" "They have lost their oars!" "The boat will capsize!"

Out on the sea the two black figures, upright against the light, swayed and struggled, keeping their balance, one knew not how, in the boat that dipped and righted itself under them. Suddenly one of them freed himself from the grapple, seemed to lean back, and then hurled himself forward. The other man tottered under the blow, flung up his arms, and both figures fell sideways, one above the other, into the water, as the boat turned itself clean over, and remained floating keel uppermost. There was a cry from the beach, a moment's silence, and then shout after shout as the two men reappeared and struck out towards the black keel that lay motionless upon the water. After several ineffectual attempts one of them clambered upon it, then the other, and the two men who had just been flying at each other's throats sat there side by side, and waved for help to the shore.

The position appeared to me farcical: it had been tragedy a moment ago. A boat even now was preparing to go out and rescue them; they would be brought home dripping, and they would go and drink together and make up their quarrel. I moved away, I did not wish to see any more of it. All the light seemed to have gone out of the sea, though it still shone as before; the happiness of things had been spoilt by this exciting and ridiculous episode. I got away from the people and sought out a quiet spot. I found it, but I could not find the spirit of quietness in myself. Even here there was no escape; even here the sunlight could be darkened so roughly, so suddenly, with so unkind a violence. I turned to my Verlaine, but the rhythm had died out of his verses as the light had died out of my ideal sky and sea. The mood was broken, I could not recapture that comforting illusion of a life at one with the peace of nature. My day was spoilt: I had better go to the *café* and read the papers.

I might as well be in Paris. I looked at the Casino. I would go there that night. And on the morrow I might pack up and come away. Those grey cliffs were no longer a wall of defence, a shelter against the world and its agitations. I might as well be in Paris.

III. London

Pictures, music, and books are part of the ornament and nutriment of cities, but there is a fairer ornament and the very soul and substance of a city, which must be our chief preoccupation if we would make the most of our share of existence. We must set ourselves to the study of people, in streets and houses, wherever they come among things made, themselves more beautiful than anything of their making. They are constantly in our sight, ready to be our continual entertainment; and to see, observe, and admire the beauty and strangeness of men and women is, after all, the one reason for living in cities; it is the supreme enchantment of London.

In the passionate attention which I have always given to physical beauty, the search with me has been mostly for the beauty which comes of expression, or which we realise only through some particular expression, rather than for the beauty which exists, sufficient to itself, as in the marble of a statue. I have never cared much for generalisations, and least of all in the matter of beauty; so that the impressions of physical beauty which have come to me have stamped themselves in my recollection with the instantaneous precision of the photographic camera, recording precisely one, one at a time, of the fleeting waves of expression which follow one another across the human face. I carry in my head a whole picture gallery of faces: faces seen once, in a crowd, at a street-crossing, through the glass of a railway carriage; and again others long familiar, but always in the same precise way, concentrated into a single look, the expression of a single mood which has obliterated all others. I suppose that the reason why it is often so much easier to call up the face of a stranger, seen once, than of a friend whom one has seen many times, is, that the multitude of quite definite and never quite familiar impressions which one has had of the friend, gets

gradually overlaid one by another, and so at last almost obliterated. It is here that the principle of selection should come in, fixing on the choice of some particular expression by which to remember an attractive face; but how difficult that choice is, how difficult to be sure that one has caught just the right light, that one is not losing something still more exquisite or individual! It remains to exercise a little self-sacrifice; and I have often, after surprising a moment of expressive beauty in which the soul seemed to come into the eyes, or the lines of cheek and hair to fall into a chance curve of absolute felicity, turned resolutely away, choosing to keep just that image flawless in my recollection.

As I walk in the streets that impulse is never out of my eyes, an impulse purely visual and with which my will has nothing to do. I am watching for beautiful or expressive sights, and I cannot turn my eyes aside from that vague chase. Every mere ugliness, above all, every mere inexpressive plainness, an awkward body, a badly-dressed woman, a man's pretentious stolidity, give me the kind of pain that a note out of tune gives to a musician who has absolute pitch. I turn my eyes angrily, impatiently away from every face which disappoints me, every aspect which is out of harmony. And, unconsciously, rapidly, I weigh every pretence to beauty, hoping against hope that it may stand my test, and leave me with that thrilling sense of satisfaction which all just or right beauty of any kind leaves with one. I ask nothing in particular, I have no preferences, "I can love both fair and brown," and through all the catalogue of poets or lovers I ask of every face that beauty which is the faultless expression of something: a temperament, a physical structure, a mood, a mode even: but it must be faultless, it must express it exactly. Thus I can see no beauty in a face meant to be regular and failing in a single detail; in an ardent mood, checked by sour lips; in a dress which ceases to be individual in one point. Yet I can snatch an acute delight from the mere contour of lips or chin, a turn of the head, the droop of hair on a neck, when just that comes to me in a moment of perfect equilibrium.

Animals, other than ourselves, are hardly capable of an ungraceful movement, and as their coats are given them

by nature they are unable to deform the natural graces of their bodies. Human beings have long since given up trying to be beautiful in every movement, and they are always ready to sacrifice the appropriate beauty of a garment to the fashion of the hour. But in spite of their distortion of their bodies in hideous clothes, in spite of their inelegant haste, their unchecked worry, their mean care about trifles (all repeated physically in their faces and hands and feet), it is impossible to walk anywhere in London without being reminded, time after time, that men and women are still animals, and can still partake of their beauty. I have seen snakes, cats, and panthers walk under silks and furs along Regent Street, not less perfect in shape and motion than the beasts.

Faces, as one sees them in the streets, are rarely vivid with any great emotion; and it is, after all, emotion that creates the finer beauties of expression. There are certain emotions which can never find beautiful expression, others which act quite differently on different faces, and some few, perhaps, which must always bring out whatever charm there is in any kind of face. Hate, when it is intense enough, can be magnificent in its effects on the features, lifting them into a sudden distinction; while everyone, alas! has seen love (which should be, indeed, the one transfiguring emotion) come up into a face in so beggarly an aspect as to shame the loved ones with its homage.

Anger makes most faces more sprightly; and when a woman, shocked or startled, thinks to herself, "What a fright I am looking!" she is generally at her best, because quickened out of the sloth of use. Ecstasy, which can illuminate visibly, can also blot out the whole outer light, so that most people listening to music have a look bordering on imbecility. I only know one emotion of which the effect on everyone is invariable: that of gratitude. Just that look is so charming, on purely æsthetic grounds, because it brings into the face, first of all, an expression of pleasure, and pleasure (when not acute enough to become grotesque or a grimace) always sets the face alight somewhere; and not of pleasure only, but of kindliness, which, coming up suddenly and unchecked, gives just that humanising touch which we are so apt to demand from beauty before it can strike the

heart. It is because gratitude is made up of those two feelings, pleasure in oneself and kindness towards another, each a feeling likely to translate itself beautifully on the face, that its union of them, in which each is tempered and modified to more refined issues by the other (all self for once evident and unselfish), comes to be so singularly attractive as an expression, bringing together into one all those scattered or underlying beauties of which a face is capable.

To chase these aspects, the beauty made out of faces by the emotions or by the passing of moods, is in itself a sufficient delight to the student and amateur of men and women, and may, under choice conditions, make every walk in the streets a new pleasure. But if he is not without some touch of that human limitation, the desire to perpetuate or to possess, he will subtilise and temper his pleasure by a hardly acknowledged hope that, after all, no face shall be wholly faultless to his mind. To see, for an instant and no more, an immortal face: the thing is not so impossible that he may not dread it. And, as he distinguishes some almost perceptible shortcoming, some absence of salt or fire, in an otherwise wholly satisfying face, he will draw a breath of relief as he goes on his way, saying to himself; No, I have not lost one of the chances of my life.

Hippomorphous

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

On the 12th of October, 1524, Cortes left Mexico on his celebrated expedition to Honduras. The start from Mexico was made to the sound of music, and all the population of the newly-conquered city turned out to escort him for a few miles upon his way.

The cavalcade must have been a curious spectacle enough. Cortes himself and his chief officers rode partly dressed in armour, after the fashion of the time. Then came the Spanish soldiers, mostly on foot and armed with lances, swords and bucklers, though there was a troop of crossbowmen and harquebusiers to whom "after God" we owed the Conquest, as an old chronicler has said when speaking of the Conquest of Peru. In Mexico they did good service also, although it was the horsemen that in that conquest played the greater part. Then came a force of three thousand friendly Indians from Tlascala, and last of all a herd of swine was driven slowly in the rear, for at that time neither sheep nor cattle were known in the New World.

Guatimozin, the captive King of Mexico, graced his conquerors' triumphal march, and with the army went two falconers, Garci Caro and Alvaro Montañes, together with a band of music, some acrobats, a juggler, and a man "who vaulted well and played the Moorish pipe."

Cortes rode the black horse which he had ridden at the siege of Mexico. Fortune appeared to smile upon him. He had just added an enormous empire to the Spanish crown, and proved himself one of the most consummate generals of his age. Yet he was on the verge of the great misfortune of his life, which at the same time was to prove him still a finer leader than he had been, even in Mexico.

His black horse also was about to play the most extraordinary *rôle* that ever horse has played in the whole history of the world.

With varying fortunes, now climbing mountains, now floundering in swamps, and again passing rivers over which they had to throw bridges, the expedition came to an open country, well watered, and the home of countless herds of deer. Villagutierre, in his *History of the Conquest of the Province of Itza* (Madrid, 1701), calls it the country of the Maçotecas, which name Bernal Diaz del Castillo says means "deer" in the language of those infidels. Fresh meat was scarce, and all the Spanish horsemen of those days were experts with the lance. Instantly Cortes and all his mounted officers set out to chase the deer. The weather was extraordinarily hot, hotter, so Diaz says, than they had had it since they left Mexico. The deer were all so tame that the horsemen speared them as they chose (*los alancearon muy á su placer*), and soon the plain was strewed with dying animals just as it used to be when the Indians hunted buffalo thirty or forty years ago.

Diaz says that the reason for the tameness of the deer was that the Maçotecas (here he applies the word to the Indians themselves) worshipped them as Gods. It appears that their Chief God had once appeared in the image of a stag, and told the Indians not to hunt his fellow-gods, or even frighten them. Little enough the Spaniards cared for any gods not strong enough to defend themselves, for the deity that they adored was the same God of Battles whom we adore to-day.

So they continued spearing the god-like beasts, regardless of the heat and that their horses were in poor condition owing to their long march. The horse of one Palacios Rubio, a relation of Cortes, fell dead, overcome with the great heat; the grease inside him melted, Villagutierre says. The black horse that was ridden by Cortes also was very ill, although he did not die—though it perhaps had been better that he should have died, for Villagutierre thinks "far less harm would have been done than happened afterwards, as will be seen by those who read the tale." After the hunting all was over, the line of march led over stony hills, and through a pass that Villagutierre calls "el Paso del Alabastro," and Diaz "La Sierra de los Pedernales" (flints). Here the horse that had been ill, staked itself in a forefoot, and this, as Villagutierre says, was the real reason that Cortes left him behind. He

adds, "It does not matter either way, whether he was left because his grease was melted with the sun, or that his foot was staked." This, of course, is true, and anyhow the horse was reserved for a greater destiny than ever fell to any of his race.

Cortes, in his fifth letter to the Emperor Charles V., says simply, "I was obliged to leave my black horse (*mi caballo morzillo*) with a splinter in his foot." He takes no notice of the melting of the grease. "The Chief promised to take care of him, but I do not know that he will succeed or what he will do with him."

He told the Chief that he would send to fetch the horse, for he was very fond of him, and prized him very much. The Chief, no doubt, received the strange and terrible animal with due respect, and Cortes went on upon his way. That is all that Cortes says about the matter, and the mist of history closed upon him and on his horse. Cortes died, worn-out and broken-hearted, at the white little town of Castilleja de la Cuesta, not far from Seville; but El Morzillo had a greater destiny in store. This happened in the year 1525, and nothing more was heard of either the Maçotecas or the horse, after that passage in the fifth letter of Cortes, till 1697. In that year the Franciscans set out upon the gospel trail to convert the Indians of Itza attached to the expedition that Ursua led, for the interior of Yucatan had never been subdued. They reached Itza, having come down the River Tipu in canoes.

This river, Villagutierre informs us, is as large as any river in all Spain. Moreover, it is endowed with certain properties, its water being good and clear, so that in some respects it is superior to the water even of the Tagus. It is separated into one hundred and ninety channels (neither more nor less), and every one of these has its right Indian name, that every Indian knows. Upon its banks grows much sarsaparilla, and in its sand is gold.

Beyond all this it has a hidden virtue, which is that taken (fasting) it cures the dropsy, and makes both sick and sound people eat heartily. Besides this, after eating, when you have drunk its water you are inclined to eat again.

At midday it is cold, and warm at night, so warm that a steam rises from it, just as it does when a kettle boils

on the fire. Other particularities it has, which though they are not so remarkable, yet are noteworthy.

Down this amazing river Ursua's expedition navigated for twelve days in their canoes till they came to a lake called Peten-Itza, in which there was an island known as Tayasal. All unknown to themselves, they had arrived close to the place where long ago Cortes had left his horse. Of this they were in ignorance; the circumstance had been long forgotten, and Cortes himself had been almost a hero of a bygone age even in Mexico.

Fathers Orbieta and Fuensalida, monks of the Franciscan order, chosen both for their zeal and for their knowledge of the Maya language, were all agog to mark new sheep. The Indians amongst whom they found themselves were "ignorant even of the knowledge of the true faith." Moreover, since the conquest they had had no dealings with Europeans, and were as primitive as they were at the time when Cortes had passed, more than a hundred years ago.

One of the Chiefs, a man known as Isquin, when he first saw a horse, "almost ran mad with joy and with astonishment. Especially the evolutions and the leaps it made into the air moved him to admiration, and going down upon all fours he leaped about and neighed." Then, tired with this practical manifestation of his joy and his astonishment, he asked the Spanish name of the mysterious animal. When he learned that it was caballo, he forthwith renounced his name, and from that day this silly infidel was known as Caballito. Then when the soul-cleansing water had been poured upon his head, he took the name of Pedro, and to his dying day all the world called him "Don Pedro Caballito, for he was born a Chief."

This curious and pathetic little circumstance, by means of which a brand was snatched red-hot from the eternal flames, lighted for those who have deserved hell-fire by never having heard of it, might, one would think, have shown the missionaries that the poor Indians were but children, easier to lead than drive.

It only fired their zeal, and yet all their solicitude to save the Indians' souls was unavailing, and the hard-hearted savages, dead to the advantages that baptism has ever brought with it, clave to their images.

The good Franciscans made several more attempts to move the people's hearts by preaching ceaselessly. All failed, and then they went to several islands in the lake, in one of which Father Orbieta hardly had begun to preach, when, as Lopez Cogulludo* tells us, an Indian seized him by the throat and nearly strangled him, leaving him senseless on the ground.

At times, seated in church listening to what the Elizabethans called "a painful preacher," even the elect have felt an impulse to seize him by the throat. Still, it is usually restrained; but these poor savages, undisciplined in body and in mind, were perhaps to be excused, for the full flavour of a sermon had never reached them in their Eden by the lake. Moreover, after he was thus rudely cast from the pulpit to the ground, Father Fuensalida, nothing daunted by his fate, stepped forward and took up his parable. He preached to them this time in their own language, in which he was expert, with fervid eloquence and great knowledge of the Scriptures,† explaining to them the holy mystery of the incarnation of the eternal Word.‡ The subject was well chosen for a first attempt upon their hearts; but it, too, proved unfruitful, and the two friars were forced to re-embark.

As the canoe in which they sat moved from the island and launched out into the lake, the infidels who stood and watched them paddling were moved to fury, and, rushing to the edge, stoned them whole-heartedly till they were out of reach.

It is a wise precaution, and one that the "conquistadores" usually observed, to have the spiritual well supported by the secular arm, when missionaries, instinct with zeal and not weighed down with too much common sense, preach for the first time to the infidel.

This first reverse was but an incident, and by degrees the friars, this time accompanied by soldiers, explored more of the islands in the lake. At last they came to one called Tayasal, which was so full of idols that they took twelve hours to burn and to destroy them all.

One island still remained to be explored, and in it was

* Lopez Cogulludo, *Historia de Yucatan.*
† Era gran Escriturario.
‡ El sagrado misterio de la encarnacion de el eterno Verbo.

a temple with an idol much reverenced by the Indians. At last they entered it, and on a platform about the height of a tall man they saw the figure of a horse rudely carved out of stone.

The horse was seated on the ground resting upon his quarters, his hind legs bent and his front feet stretched out. The barbarous infidels* adored the abominable and monstrous beast under the name of Tziunchan, God of the thunder and the lightning, and paid it reverence. Even the Spaniards, who, as a rule, were not much given to inquiring into the history of idols, but broke them instantly, *ad majorem Dei gloriam*, were interested and amazed. Little by little they learned the history of the hippomorphous god, which had been carefully preserved. It appeared that when Cortes had left his horse, so many years ago, the Indians, seeing he was ill, took him into a temple to take care of him. Thinking he was a reasoning animal,† they placed before him fruit and chickens, with the result that the poor beast—who, of course, was reasonable enough in his own way—eventually died.

The Indians, terrified and fearful that Cortes would take revenge upon them for the death of the horse that he had left for them to care for and to minister to all his wants, before they buried him, carved a rude statue in his likeness and placed it in a temple in the lake.

The devil, who, as Villagutierre observes, is never slack to take advantage when he can, seeing the blindness and the superstition (which was great) of those abominable idolators, induced them by degrees to make a God of the graven image they had made. Their veneration grew with time, just as bad weeds grow up in corn, as Holy Writ sets forth for our example, and that abominable statue became the chiefest of their gods, though they had many others, equally horrible.

As the first horses that they saw were ridden by the Spaniards in the chase of the tame deer, and many shots were fired, the Indians not unnaturally connected the explosions and the flames less with the rider than the horse. Thus in the course of years the evolution of the great god Tziunchan took place, and, as the missionaries said, these

* Los barbaros infieles.

† Entendiendo que era animal de razon.

heathen steeped in ignorance adored the work of their own hands.

Father Orbieta, not stopping to reflect that all of us adore what we have made, but "filled with the spirit of the Lord* and carried off with furious zeal for the honour of our God," seized a great stone and in an instant cast the idol down, then with a hammer he broke it into bits.

When Father Orbieta had finished his work and thus destroyed one of the most curious monuments of the New World, which ought to have been preserved as carefully as if it had been carved by Praxiteles, "with the ineffable and holy joy that filled him, his face shone with a light so spiritual that it was something to praise God for and to view with delight." Most foolish actions usually inspire their perpetrators with delight, although their faces do not shine with spiritual joy when they have done them; so when one reads the folly of this muddle-headed friar, it sets one hoping that several of the stones went home upon his back as he sat paddling the canoe.

The Indians broke into lamentations, exclaiming, "Death to him, he has killed our God"; but were prevented from avenging his demise by the Spanish soldiers who prudently had accompanied the friar.

Thus was the mystery of the eternal Word made manifest amongst the Maçotecas, and a deity destroyed who for a hundred years and more had done no harm to anyone on earth . . . a thing unusual amongst Gods.

* Arrebatado de un furioso zelo de la honra de Dios.

The Philosophy of Revolt

By Joseph McCabe

NEARLY twenty years ago two men sat by the fire in an Oxford chamber, recalling great pages in the history of the race. The host, a master of Greek and Roman letters, had put the question: "In which of these ages would you prefer to have lived?" There were glances at the earlier civilisations, whose broken forms still shone in the soil of Egypt and Mesopotamia, at Greece and Rome, at Persia and Arabia, at the Italian republics and principalities, at the most richly coloured scenes of French and English history. The older man chose Sparta; he was long past the prime of life, and an ascetic. The younger, flushed with the consciousness of a recent emancipation, turned from all the old stories of splendour or power, and, after a lingering glance at Athens in the Periclean age, chose the present. The aged scholar nodded—somewhat sadly.

We were, in our way, types of two different attitudes toward modern life. Never before was there an age of such feverish and universal restlessness, such quaking of the deepest foundations of ideals and institutions, such tottering of thrones and altars. The waves sweep round and round the great curve of the globe. Yesterday they heard the rumble in London and Berlin and New York; to-day it is felt in Tokyo and Peking and Constantinople; to-morrow it will break on the ear in Teheran and Lhasa. The same questions are asked all over the earth, in every class of society. I have discussed them with millionaires at the Ritz and with great ladies at Claridge's, with students in their universities, and with miners in their little Welsh or Scottish cottages; with notorious anarchists in obscure corners of Paris, and with learned men in the heart of Rome; with working girls in Australia and with Maoris in New Zealand; with Chinese and Hindus and full-blooded Africans. Just the same questions: religion and political

forms, war and industry, marriage and woman—almost every ideal or institution we have inherited. I have had letters on them from Japanese settlers in North America and negro tailors in British Guiana, and have been invited to discuss them with Polynesian princesses. And the note that resounds persistently from continent to continent is the note of rebellion.

Very different feelings are engendered by this characteristic fact of modern life. To some it seems that this melting of the rigid frame of tradition is a welcome sign of springtime and growth; that a long winter, which had chilled the blood of the earth and retarded civilisation, is over at last, and fairer ideals are already rising from the disordered ground. To others it seems as if the essential fabric of civilisation were loosened, and the world were about to witness once more the temporary triumph of barbarism. Surely those old traditions did bind the frame of our civilisation? And surely it is impossible to replace in a century the links of a planet-wide human society? The shades of dead Memphis and Babylon and Nineveh, of Athens and Rome and Bagdad, of Venice and Genoa and Florence, pass before us. In each case this moral, social, and intellectual restlessness preceded death.

The confusion is made worse by our inevitable specialism. Life is a connected whole, continuous in the past and the present, yet neither research nor reform can now be more than sectional. We devote ourselves to some branch of reform, and find it a sound and reasonable proposal, a deduction from indisputable principles. But those others. . . . we have not time to study *their* indisputable principles, and, as the cry of reform resounds on side after side, in Church and State and school and home and workshop, we feel that rebellion has become a fashion, that our generation is feverish or neurotic, that one must insist on authority. We echo fine phrases about the decay of respect, the wisdom of the race, and so on. We fasten on symptoms of disorder, without inquiring whether the symptom is really new or recently aggravated, and we feel that conservatism is a social duty; or, at least, we will admit reform only by the inch. We are the guardians of the *palladium*.

Thus even some of the closest observers of our age differ radically in diagnosis and prognosis. The same move-

ments are symptoms of health to one, of disease to another. There seems to be no common ground left on which the observers may meet with some chance of agreement. The old religious and political standards will now hopelessly divide any roomful of educated men and women. We fall back on moral standards, and we hear still the raillery of some of the most brilliant writers in Europe. Hopes and lamentations, inspired by the same movements, mingle confusedly in our literature, and men and women of good will, but little leisure, are condemned to a sterile perplexity or a life of selfishness. What, at least, is the meaning or purpose of life, and how is this spreading rebellion related to it? Can we formulate principles or sentiments which are still firmly held in all civilised communities and provide us with the criterion we need?

First let us examine the ground of the darker foreboding of Conservatives. One finds that, as a rule, it is purely *doctrinaire*. The dismal prophet is usually a man whose formula we are abandoning or we refuse to accept. The appeal to the modern world is utilitarian (in the broad sense), and he must show that, without him, we perish. He recklessly quotes statistics of lunacy and crime and consumption, makes ignorant statements about contemporary France, and marshals the shades of dead empires—which seem to have died of a wonderful complication of contradictory maladies—with imposing rhetoric. It is enough that, if you make an exact inquiry, you find that England and France are, on every positive test of national health, more flourishing than they ever were before. Dark as the earth is, it was never brighter than it is to-day, or more full of promise for the morrow.

As to that "lesson of history" which is stridently read to us by men and women whose command of history is not otherwise conspicuous, two general truths only can be stated here. The first is that the civilisation of dead empires always reached its height just when they began to decay. Does anyone suggest that we should not develop our civilisation further lest we decay? I will show later that the older empires decayed, not because of that high development of intellect and fine sentiment, from which the cry of reform arose, but from the natural effect of those very institutions which our Conservatives defend.

The second general truth is that modern history will hardly sanction the popular notion that there is an innate law of decay in nations as in individuals. A superficial reading of history has inspired the idea that a nation is like a plant. It flourishes, if it is successful in the struggle for existence, but its splendour is only a sign of the preparation for a rebirth; it must die and scatter its seed over the earth. Some scientific men have enlarged the point, and contended that in the past record of the earth we find animal-races also passing through a term of life and perishing from inner decay. Neither science nor history teaches such a lesson. Races are slain; they never die a natural death. A brilliant nation may perish in a few centuries, like the Greeks or the Portuguese, or live eight thousand years, like the Egyptians; to speak only of the period of prosperity. It depends on the environment. In earlier ages the environment of an empire was a world of robust barbarians and the struggle depended mainly on muscle, so that a physical enfeeblement was fatal. The environment is totally changed, and the death of Egypt or Rome does not concern us, except in so far as war or fiscal demoralisation enfeebled it.

When we have rejected the positive grounds of pessimism, we have still to consider the grounds of optimism. Conservatism, in the sense of an attitude of caution, is a virtue. We would not try unknown drugs on the life of an individual, and ought not to try them on the life of forty million people. Yet this medical world, to which I am alluding, carries us further. In two centuries of sober and heroic labour it has brought the greater part of our physical maladies under control; it holds out a promise of checking all disease and prolonging life. The *laissez-faire* attitude is unknown in medicine. It is unknown, too, in the technical and commercial worlds. Here also we have made stupendous progress, not by conserving but by innovating; not asking if a machine or institution worked well, but if we could invent a better. In science—in all on which we pride ourselves in modern civilisation—we have followed the progressive principle and raised the high-water mark of civilisation. It is not surprising that many are asking whether the principle should not be extended to our religions, polities, economic systems, domestic traditions, &c.

It is, in other words, quite natural that there should be a demand for not one reform, but a hundred reforms, in modern life. The demand is in harmony with the characteristic note of all that is distinctive and superior in our civilisation: advance, better organisation, greater efficiency.

It is in harmony, too, with the most characteristic note of modern culture: evolution. We forget sometimes that Europe was dominated by a false philosophy of the earth's resources until half a century ago. Plato put a philosophic anathema on the earth. It was a barren, impotent chaos: order, truth, beauty, idealism had to come in fitful gleams from a world beyond, over which men had no control. We know now that Plato was wrong. Order, truth, beauty, and idealism have developed on the earth, and men can control their sources and enlarge their measure. They do not make men great; men make them great. They are as surely under our direction as are applied science and commerce. We can cultivate them as we now cultivate plants or cattle. It depends on us if lies and disorder and dishonour linger among us, or if truth and justice and beauty prevail. Again, it is natural that we should hear a demand for their enthronement in every department of life. The ships and ploughs and lighting-systems of a hundred years ago were made by the same men—the same long generations of men—as the religions and politics and moralities of a hundred years ago. Why assume that our predecessors were almost infallible in these latter creations, yet capable of such immeasurable improvement in the former? Conservatism, as anything *more* than an attitude of caution, does not wear a plausible air.

We notice further the characteristic line of human evolution. Apart from a few who are caught by a momentary attempt to glorify instinct—a novelty of the school in some, an evasion of reason's censure in others—we agree that the development of intelligence is one of the permanent sources of progress. But there has been so mighty an awakening of intelligence in recent decades that a general challenging of old traditions is quite inevitable. The higher intelligence of the race is now directed in its judgments by a marvellous knowledge of man and the universe: the cheapening of literature dimly conveys these ideas to millions who were left out of account when the earlier scheme of the

earth was framed. The workers discuss economics and theology; Tonga Islanders solve mathematical problems; negroes take degrees in engineering and philosophy and law. It is quite impossible for this vaster intelligence to be ruled by the thoughts of earlier generations. It is going to think for itself. The old traditions must be revised from end to end. Revision menaces nothing but the false. And already we have discovered that our political and religious and social oracles have been teaching a good deal of falsehood, and we feel that many other things may be wrong besides the divine right of kings and the eternal torment of the wicked. We will reconsider all our ways of living.

The second permanent strain of human evolution is the development of sentiment. The notion that the world is becoming more preponderantly intellectual, and that progress along our present lines means a limitation of sentiment, has no foundation in fact. We are returning to a natural equilibrium. The sentimental—those in whom a starving of intellect or muscle has turned morbid energy into other sections of the nervous system—will become more intellectual, more balanced; an ancient phrase will no longer set their frames instinctively tingling, because it will have to pass the bar of reason. But sentiment, healthy and deep feeling, has a precious and inalienable place in life. The development of fine sentiment is as essential as the cultivation of reason to the advance of man, and this development is the second main element of civilisation. We trace it in all the remains of older civilisations at their highest point. We are resuming the development to-day, and as civilisation is now too diffused ever to perish again it will go on. And it is this finer sentiment, no less than the higher intelligence, which demands revision. We cannot leave behind the callousness and brutality of the Middle Ages, yet cling to mediæval practices. Intellectually and emotionally we are improving, and it is a reasonable attitude to demand revision and reconstruction as our finer powers grow.

"Guests of the ages, at To-morrow's door
Why shrink we? The long track behind us lies,
The lamps gleam and the music throbs before,
Bidding us enter; and I count him wise
Who loves so well man's noble memories
He needs must love man's nobler hopes yet more."

This is, I think, a fair analysis of the innovating temper of modern times. But how comes this sweetly reasonable attitude to be converted into the fiery passion for reform which gives a glow to the literature of our age? It is the same cause as that which makes the invisible electric current leap into incandescence as it passes through the sluggish particles in the filament of carbon, resistance. The old faith is growing dim, and to-day there is a suspicion that, every time the pall of night falls on this globe of ours, it covers the faces of thousands of men and women who will never see the sun rise again in this or any other world; that every decade in which we put off with worn phrases the abandonment of old errors, sees another generation pass into the eternal death with the same wounds on their hearts as those which scarred the hearts of the dead two, or four, or six thousand years ago; that, apart from the myriads whose lives are embittered by poverty or war or the tyranny of some old tradition, there are further myriads who might have been far happier, but the sun has set on them for ever. There is ground for impatience. The acreage of squalor and misery and grossness is still appalling, and on every land sits the crushing burden of militarism and at its frontiers stands the ghastly spectre of war. The soil of the planet is still wet with blood and tears, and a great part of the inhuman rain might be avoided. Much has been done: it is just that which stings. You cannot look back on the darkness from which the race has issued without feeling that man has the power to transform the face of the earth: without entertaining a reasoned belief that a day will yet dawn on this planet when laughter as of children on May morning will ring from pole to pole, and life, for all its work, will be a holiday. And when this reasoned belief and just sentiment meet the sullen indifference of men and women to their power, and to the ills that they or others endure, they glow and spit fire.

This impatience is justified, no matter how obscure the remedy of some of our evils may be, because the mass of people are indifferent to the very idea of reform, and patiently shoulder burdens which they might at any moment lay aside for ever. Some of the greatest reforms which are pressed on us are hardly a matter of serious controversy. Yet the majority in every civilised nation remain inert and

indifferent, or even make a pretence of philosophic justice. Why should we stir at all? Is there such a thing as a duty to improve the earth? What is the meaning or purpose of life?

Many complain that the conflict of science and religion —I would rather say of modern culture and ancient traditions—has robbed life of what was thought to be its plain significance. Some conclude, like Tolstoi, that they must return to religion; others find in it a justification for a selfish absorption in culture or pleasure. But this conflict really matters little in the present issue. The truth is that religion never taught a social duty. The claim of some of the modern clergy that they have just discovered that the teaching of Christ implied social duties, is a thin disguise of the fact that they have learned a higher morality from our irreligious age. Nor are we much impressed when Mr. Wells or Mr. Shaw insists that we have still to detect and follow "the divine will." This divine will takes a very human form, indeed a hundred forms, in the minds of our modern prophets.

It is a more important matter that so many, like Tolstoi, fail to appreciate the modern outlook on life. Certainly modern culture—science, history, philosophy, or art—finds no meaning or purpose in life. "A series of lucky accidents," as a great chemist recently said, led to the appearance of life on the earth; and the span of time between the cooling of the earth and the cooling of the sun enables life to rise to the height of consciousness. But it is mere foolishness to say that this demoralises us. If there is no purpose impressed on the universe, or pre-fixed to the development of humanity, it follows that humanity may choose its own purpose and goal; and the most elementary sense of order directs that the choice shall be social, not individual. However much ill-controlled individuals may yield to personal impulses or attractions, the steady aim of mankind must be a collective aim, or life becomes discordant and futile, and the discord reacts on each individual. So the old question of "the greatest good," which men discussed in the Stoa Poikile and the suburban groves of Athens, in the *atria* of patrician mansions on the Palatine or the Pincian, in the Museum at Alexandria and the schools which the Persian poet frequented, as keenly as in the

straw-strewn schools of the Middle Ages, returns in the twentieth century.

We answer, as men answered two thousand years ago, according to our temper: culture, or character, or happiness, or pleasure, or—in more modern terms—efficiency. The discussion is often academic and futile, as "the best" is judged on transcendental standards. It is truer to modern feeling to ask, "What is the best purpose for the race to adopt in its own interest?" When we put the question in this form the narrow antagonism disappears, and it is found that a comprehensive ideal, embracing each of the classical aims, commends itself. We want more culture, character, happiness, pleasure, and efficiency; we want a quicker and fuller development of the most characteristic and most promising human powers. But if there is one ultimate element in this ideal it is "happiness." Culture is, and promises to remain, the duty or the luxury of a few. Character cannot now be urged on the mystical grounds of the old Stoics; we must show that a finer and more general cultivation of character will brighten the earth. Pleasure is merely a part of a larger ideal of happiness. In fact, there is no ground on which you can appeal at all to the mass of men to-day in favour of cultivation and idealism except this ground that it makes for greater happiness.

Sometimes when you ascend the slopes of a range of hills the mists close round you and the guiding contours are lost. Then perhaps some familiar peak appears above the breaking clouds, and you stride on confidently. If there is one height of idealism shining above the mists of our time, it is the old dream of bringing happiness to as many hearts of mortals as we can reach. Through the ruins of creeds and philosophies which have disdained it we are retracing our steps to that path, as Greece did two thousand years ago. It rests on no metaphysic, no disputable tradition, no sacred legend. Its foundations are in the unchanging elements of our nature. Its features are as clear and indisputable to the child as to the thinker. Philosophers may regard it as superficial, but we may remind them that all their deeper probing of reality, from Pythagoras to Bergson, has ended in disagreement. Churchmen may speak of it as "earthy," and we may remind them that Christianity has for eighteen centuries taught that man's

supreme good was happiness—in heaven. No nobler aim ever inspired action, and none is so fitted to win the heart of modern man. The more doubtful all else becomes, the more determined men and women are to be happy in this world. Thrones and creeds, and even moral codes, are arraigned in judgment to-day before that ideal.

And this clearest, most imperious, and most indisputable of ideals is the chief inspirer of the rebellious temper of our age. The revolt which finds expression in so much of our abler literature is an unselfish revolt; perhaps one would more accurately say an outcome of that larger spirit which realises the individual self as part of the general social organism, and is neither egoistic nor altruistic, in the old sense. It finds a sanction in the new intelligence and a source of ardour in the finer sentiments of our generation, but the glow which chiefly illumines it is the glow of the great vision of a happier earth. It speaks confidently of the claims of truth and justice, for these are elemental principles of social life, and assails untruth and injustice; but it appeals even more confidently to the deeper sympathy which is linking the scattered children of men and disposing all to co-operate in the restriction of suffering and the diffusion of happiness. The advance guard of the race, those in whom mental alertness is associated with fine feeling, cry that they have reached the slope of Pisgah, and in increasing numbers men and women are pressing on to see if it be the Promised Land. That is the spirit of the reform movement of modern times. While Popes anathematise our age, and the clergy of all sects bemoan its materialism, it is exulting in a wider and higher idealism than ever yet stirred the heart of the race: for we now know from what dark and brutal origins we came, and we feel that, if we advance only as we are advancing, we may reach any height that any prophet ever yet perceived.

It is difficult not to describe in rhetorical phrases this age of ours, which some find prosy and materialistic in comparison with the age when cut-throats in silk doublets slew each other in the fields of London. But its poetry has the solidity of prose.

The other day I sailed slowly toward Teneriffe from the south. Eighty miles away, on a fine morning, the summit of the Peak showed its delicate contour in the

clouds, hardly distinguishable from them. Far below the summit the blue sky seemed to stretch from horizon to horizon, and we wondered if the ethereal Peak above was not an illusion, a simulating cloud. But as we drew nearer the blue sky below it grew thinner, and at last disclosed the massive bulk of the supporting mountain. Speaking as a sober student of history and science, I say that this dream of a happier earth rests on as solid a foundation. We see primitive man blindly, and with infinite slowness, move toward civilisation; we see civilisation slowly, with many a tragic interruption, advance to the nineteenth century; then we see the pace quicken immeasurably, and a consciousness of power and a deliberate aim at higher things bear the race onward. The belief in the future is a scientific inference from the past.

The failure of the mass of people to co-operate in the realisation of this ideal is due, not to indolence or stupidity, but to the obsessing power of the old traditions. Therefore is the reformer's creed cast so frequently in a negative and aggressive form. The most powerful thing in our world is not truth, but untruth; and the most important thing in the world is to assail it. "Great is truth, and it will prevail," said an ancient writer. But the civilisation which gave birth to that sentiment died, and all its promising young truths perished with it, and Europe fell under the rule of lies for more than a thousand years. Untruth is millennia older than truth. Its roots run deep into the flesh of the heart, while the rootlets of truth still struggle for a frail clasp in the intellect. Great is untruth, and it will prevail, unless it is assailed without ceasing. No untruth ever died a natural death. It is usually—for it is the sacred truth of yesterday—entrenched in powerful corporations, embodied in the law and life of nations, enshrined in the stubborn affections of the millions. Once you incurred sentence of death if you challenged it; still you incur slander, misrepresentation, and mockery. The race has been made docile by a kind of negative eugenic selection. Yet everything which the majority venerate as truth to-day began its career as heresy and will end it as lie.

So the first task of the reformer is to distinguish truth from untruth in our traditions. The story of man is a story of the tyranny of consecrated shams, broken by occasional

rebellions and advances to a higher stage. This is the character of the higher savages and of civilisations. There comes a time in the story of every civilisation when the mind of a few rises high enough to survey the whole stream of tradition, in which the majority lazily float. Hence the inevitable revolt; hence the kinship which we feel with "the Preacher," with Socrates, with Omar Khayyam, and so many others. We are at this stage in modern civilisation, and we now have a mass of knowledge of human history and pre-history to aid us in judging our traditions. Already numbers of old dogmas or traditions have been discarded: in religion, politics, education, social and international life. Every tradition calls for reconsideration. And as we obstinately retain some of these traditions which a very high proportion of cultivated people regard as unsound and mischievous, as these traditions are the greatest hindrance to the advance of the race and the diffusion of happiness, one of the most pressing needs of our time is a stern campaign for the abolition of the modern tyranny of shams.

The Father of Yoto

By Thomas Burke

SWEET human hearts—a tale of carnival, moon-haunted nights; a tale of the springtide, of the flower and the green leaf ripening to fruit; a gossamer thing of lanterned streets, told by my friend, Tai Ling. Its scene is not the Hoang Ho, or the flowered islands of the East, but Limehouse. Nevertheless—a faery story, because so human.

Rhoda Vassiloff was a glorious girl. The epithet is not mine, but Tai Ling's. Rhoda lived under the tremendous glooms of the East and West India Docks. What she didn't know about the more universal aspects of human life, though she was yet short of twenty, was hardly to be known. You know perhaps the East India Dock, which lies a little north of its big brother, the West: a place of savagely masculine character, evoking the brassy mood. By daytime, a cold, nauseous light hangs always about it; at night a devilish darkness settles upon it. You know perhaps the odorous fried fish shops that punctuate every corner in the surrounding maze of streets, the "general" shops with their assorted rags, their broken iron, and their glum-faced basins of kitchen waste, and the lurid-seeming creatures that glide from nowhere into nothing—Arab, Lascar, Pacific Islander, Chinky, Hindoo, and so on, each carrying his own perfume. You know, too, the plunging streets of hoof and horn that cross the waterways, the gaunt chimneys that stick their derisive tongues to the skies. You know the cobbly courts, the bestrewn alleys, through which at night gas-jets asthmatically splutter; and the mephitic glooms and silences of the dockside. You know these things, and I need not attempt to illuminate them for you.

But you do not know that in this place there are creatures with the lust for life racing in their veins; creatures hot for the moment and its carnival; children of

sweet graces; young hearts asking only that they may be happy for their brief hour. You do not know that there are girls on these raw edges of London to whom sunlight and song and wine are things to be desired but never experienced. Neither do you know that one of these creatures, my Rhoda, was the heroine of one of the most fantastic adventures of which I have heard.

It may offend your taste, and in that case you may reject it. Yet I trust you will agree that any young thing, moving in that dank daylight, that devilish darkness, is fully justified in taking her moments of gaiety as and when she may. There may be callow minds that cry No; and for them I have no answer. There are minds to which the repulsive—such as Poplar High Street—is supremely beautiful, and to whom anything frankly human is indelicate, if not ugly. You need, however, to be a futurist to discover ecstatic beauty in the torn waste of tiles, the monstrous groupings of iron and stone, and the nightmare riot of chimney-stacks and gas-works. Barking Road, as it dips and rises with a sweep as lovely as a flying bird's, may be a thing to fire the trained imagination, and so may be the subtle tones of flame and shade in the byways, and the airy tracery of the Great Eastern Railway arches. But these things only touch those who do not live among them. The character of this crazy region makes appeal only to those who comfortably live and wake and sleep and eat in Hampstead and Streatham. The beauty which neither time nor tears can fade is hardly to be come by east of Aldgate Pump; if you look for it there and think that you find it, I may tell you that you are a *poseur*; you may take your seat at a St. John's Wood breakfast-table, and stay there.

Rhoda was not a futurist. She was a glorious girl. The Pool at night never shook her to wonder. Mast-head, smoke-stack, creaking crane, and the perfect chiming of the overlying purples evoked nothing responsive in her. If she desired beauty at all, it was the beauty of the chocolate-box or the biscuit-tin. Wherefore Poplar and Limehouse were a weariness to her. She was a malcontent; and one can hardly blame her, for she was a girl of girls. When she dreamed of happier things, which she did many times a week, and could not get them, she took the next best

thing. (A sound philosophy, you will agree.) She flogged a jaded heart in the loud music-hall, the saloons of the dockside, and found some minutes' respite from the eternal grief of things in the arms of any salt-browned man who caught her discriminating fancy.

Tai Ling was right. She was a moon-blossom. Impossible to imagine what she might have been in gentler surroundings. As it was, she was too cruelly beautiful for human nature's daily food. Her face had not the pure and perfect beauty such as you may find in the well-kept inmates of an Ealing seminary. But above that face was a crown of thunderous hair, shot with an elfish sheen, which burned the heart out of any man-creature who spotted her. She was small, but ripe-breasted, and moved like a cat. The very lines of her limbs were an ecstasy, and she had, too, an odd wide laugh—and knew how to use it.

Now it happened one night, when her glorious head was tangled in a net of dreams, that she sought escape in the Causeway, in the little white *café* where you may take noodle, chop suey, China tea, and other exotic foods, and where you may manipulate the chop-sticks and purchase dreadful drugs, and get a check from the cash register for the amount of your purchase. She was the only white thing there. Yellow men and brown were there, and one tan-skinned woman, but Rhoda was the only pure product of these islands. At a far table, behind the bead curtain in the corner, sat Tai Ling. He saw her, and lit to a sudden delight of her.

Tai Ling was a queer bird. Not immoral, for to be immoral you must first subscribe to some conventional morality. Tai Ling did not. You cannot do wrong until you have first done right. Tai Ling had not. He was just non-moral; and right and wrong were words he did not understand. He was in love with life, and song, and wine, and the beauty of women—especially white women. The world to him, as to Rhoda, was a pause on a journey, where one might take one's idle pleasure while others strewed the path with mirth and roses. He knew only two divisions of people—the gay and the stupid. The problems of this life and the next passed him by. He never turned aside from pleasure, or resisted an invitation to the feast.

In fact, by our standards, a complete rogue; yet the

most joyous I have known. I never knew a man with so seductive a smile. It has driven the virtuously indignant heart out of me many a time, and I never knew a girl, white or coloured, who could withstand it. I almost believe it would have beaten down the frigid steel ramparts that begird the English "lady." It thrilled and tickled you as does the gayest music of Mozart. It had not the mere lightness of frivolity, but, like that music, it had the deep-plumbing gaiety of the love of life, for joy and sorrow.

The moment Tai Ling caught Rhoda's eye, the heart in him sprang like a bird to song, and he began to smile. I say began, for an Oriental smile is not an affair of a swift moment. It has a birth and a beginning. It awakes—hesitates—grows—and at last from the sad chrysalis emerges the butterfly. A Chinese smile at the full is one of the subtlest expressions of which the human face is capable.

The mischief was done. Rhoda went down before that smile without even putting up her guard. Indeed, she took it and tossed it back to him, and that maddening laugh of hers ran across the room. Tai Ling waited until she drew out a frowsy packet of cigarettes; then back to her he carried the laugh, and slipped a lighted match over her shoulder almost before the cigarette was at her mouth.

It was aptly done. He sat down beside her, and took graceful charge of her hand, while he encircled her waist. He had been flying to and fro long enough on Dai Nippons to have picked up during his London sojourns a fair Cockney vocabulary, which he used with a liquid accent; and he began to talk with her, in honey-flavoured phrases, of Swatow, of Yokohama, Fuji Yama, Sarawak; of flowered islands, white towns, and green bays, and sunlight like wine, and . . . oh, a thousand things that the little cloudy head spun at hearing.

They had more tea and cigarettes, and he bought a scented spice for her, and they left the *café* together, at about midnight, very glad.

. . . . . .

When Rhoda surrendered the charms of herself to Tai Ling, as I have explained in that row of dots, she did so because she was happy, and because Tai Ling had amused her, and was pleased with her. But why she met him again

and yet again, it is difficult to say. It is difficult also to understand why Tai Ling, who so loved sunshine and flower and blue waters, should have lingered in fusty Limehouse for the space of a year. But the two of them seemed to understand their conduct, and both were happy. For Tai Ling had a little apartment in the Causeway, and thither Rhoda would flit from time to time, until. . . .

One evening, as they loafed together in the hot, lousy dusk, when the silence was so sharp that a footstep seemed to shatter the night, he learnt, in a flood of joy and curiosity and apprehension, that he was about to become papa.

It overwhelmed him. He nearly choked. It was so astounding, so new, so wonderful, so . . . everything that was inexpressible. Such a thing had not happened before to him. Hitherto he had but loved and ridden away, the gay deceiver. But now—— He questioned, and conjectured what was to be done; and Rhoda replied airily that it didn't matter much; that if she had a little money she could arrange things. She spoke of a Poplar hospital . . . good treatment . . . quite all right; and thereupon she collapsed at his feet in a tempest of curls and tears.

With that, his emotions cleared and calmed, and resolved themselves into one definite quantity—pride. He drew Rhoda on to the cushions and kissed her, and in his luscious tongue he sang to her; and this is, roughly, what he sang: an old song known to his mother:

"O girl, the streams and trees glory in the glamour of Spring; the bright sun drops about the green shrubs, and the falling flowers are scattered and fly away. The lonely cloud moves to the hill, and the birds find their leafy haunts. All things have a refuge to which they fly, but I alone have nothing to which to cling. Wherefore, under the moon I drink and sing to the fragrant blossoms, and I hold you fast, O flower of the waters, O moon-blossom, O perfect light of day!

"Violets shall lie shining about your neck, and roses in your hair. Your holy hands shall be starred about with gems. Over the green and golden hills and through the white streets we will wander while the dawn is violet-lidded; and I will hide you in your little nest at night, and love shall be over you for ever!"

That was his song, sung in Chinese. It was old—such

songs are not now written in the country of Tai Ling, except by imitators—and Tai Ling might well have forgotten it in the hard labours of his seaman's life. But he had not, and when it was finished, Rhoda was pleased, and clung to him, and told him that she so loved him that she must not inflict this trouble upon him. But he would not hear her.

"Nonono, Rhoda," he murmured, while they raptured, "Rhoda—lou shall not go. Lou shall stay with Tai Ling. Oh, lou'll have evelything heap beautiful. All same English lady. Tai Ling have some money—les—and lou shall have a li'l room . . . clever doctors . . . les."

And he managed it. He arranged that chamber, and that landlady, and that doctor and nurse were duly booked. And he glided in great joy next evening to the *café* to inform his friends that he was about to have an heir. He talked loudly and volubly in his rich seaman's lingo, and suddenly in the same language a voice shot through the clamour:

"Tai Ling, you speak false!"

Tai Ling sprang up, and his hand flew to the waist of his cotton trousers, and flew back grasping a krees.

"Tai Ling," repeated the voice, still in Chinese, "I say you lie. *I* am the father of li'l Rhoda's babe!"

At that moment anything might have happened had not two shirt-sleeved waiters slipped dexterously between the claimants and grasped their wrists. Tai Ling's face was aflame with as much primitive emotion as an Oriental may show. But his first rage died, as another voice came from the bead curtain at the rear of the little cluster.

"Tai Ling, Wing Foo, you both lie. For Rhoda has told me even this evening that the child is mine!" And the third claimant thrust a vehement face through the curtain, and swam down among them. "I," he cried, his hands quarrelling nervously at his bosom, "I—I am the father of Rhoda's babe!"

The glances of the three met like velveted blades. For one moment tragedy was in the air. Knives were still being grasped.

Then Tai Ling began his conquering smile. It was caught by the crowd and echoed, and in another moment light laughter was running about, with chattering voices

and gesturing hands. The waiters released their hold on the prospective fathers, and the three competitors sat down to a table and called for tea and sweet cakes and cigarettes.

One must admit that Rhoda's conduct was, as the politicians say, deserving of the highest censure; but, you see, she was young, and she needed money for this business—her first. Some small amounts, it appeared, she had managed to collect from Wing Foo and his friend, but neither of them had done what Tai Ling had done so magnanimously. You would have thought, perhaps, that by all the traditions of his race, Ling would have been exceedingly wroth at this discovery of infidelity on the part of one who had shared his bed. But he was not . He sat at the table, and smiled that inscrutable, shattering smile, and in his heart he folded Rhoda within his brown arms. His was an easy-going disposition; human kindliness counted with him before tradition and national beliefs. A sweet fellow. A rogue himself, he did not demand perfection in others. No; the infidelity did not anger him. The only point about the business that really disturbed him was that there should be others who aspired to the fatherhood of this, Rhoda's first child, and, he believed, his.

So they sat and talked it over, and when they parted, and each went his way into the night, to tell his tale, Tai Ling went to the Poplar Hippodrome to drown his perplexity. There he witnessed the performance of a Chinese juggler, who blasphemed his assistants in the language of Kennington Gate, and was registered on the voting list at Camberwell as Rab McAndrew. After sitting in the hall for some hour and a half, his ideas were adjusted, and he went to the house where Rhoda was, and gently charged her with what he had heard. Rhoda fell at once to tears and protestations and explanations, and desired to go away from him for ever. She had not meant wrong; but . . . she did not know . . . and she had so wanted the money . . . and. . . .

Well, he would not let her go. He caught her back, and thrust his forgiveness upon her; and the whole affair ought to have ended in disaster for both of them. But it did not, as you will see.

The next morning there was a new development. The

story of the *café* conversation was racing about Limehouse and Poplar, when it came to the ears of one, Chuck Lightfoot, a pugilistic promoter. Now parenthood is not an office which the Englishman lightly assumes, but Chuck straightway butted in, and demanded to know, with menaces, what was the matter with his claim. It wasn't that he was specially anxious to father the child. Indeed, the success of his claim, and the resultant financial outlay, would have seriously disconcerted him. It was just the principle of the thing that riled him. Dammit, he wasn't going to stand by and be dished by any lousy scarleteer of a yellow devil, not much. He asserted further that by reference to dates he could prove many things which went far to establish his claim; and, finally, if anyone wanted a fight, they'd only got to ask for it.

Apparently no one did; for Tai Ling went about with that smile of his, and shook all seriousness out of them. During the week he called a convocation at the house where he had installed Rhoda, and where she now lay, and there they gathered—three yellow men, proud, jealous, reticent, and one vehement white man, hot-eared, inarticulate, and still ready to fight the lot of 'em. Clearly a mistake had happened somewhere. There had obviously been a miscalculation on somebody's part, to say nothing of a regrettable oversight. But whose child it was remained for proof.

There, then, Rhoda lay in a comfortable bed, comfortably attended, awaiting her time; while four men, only politely recognising each other's existence, sat below and wrangled for the honour of the fatherhood. Was ever a woman in so shameful and so delicious a situation?

At about four o'clock on Saturday afternoon it happened. . . .

News was brought downstairs. The child was yellow-white, with almond eyes, and it was unmistakably the child of Tai Ling.

Three of the claimants faded away before Tai Ling's sweet obeisances and compliments, like wind over the grass; the third went raucously, with fierce gesture and trivial abuse.

Now in Tai Ling's heart was great joy, and he ambled about that house, in his sleek little way, doing delicate, pretty things which no white man could have done or con-

ceived. Seldom has a wooing and a matrimony, so conducted, led to the house of bliss. But that is where Rhoda and Tai Ling are living.

One day, when the baby Yoto was six weeks old, there arrived at the house six clusters of white flowers and six scented boxes—one for Rhoda, one for Yoto, and one each for the three disappointed claimants; and these love-gifts were duly delivered by Tai Ling himself to the recipients, all of whom received them sweetly, save Chuck Lightfoot; and what he said or did is of no account.

Tai Ling and Rhoda are still in West India Dock Road, and very prosperous and happy they are, though, as I say, they have no right to be. Yoto has now a brother and a sister, each of whom is the owner of a little scented box. Visit them all one day, at the provision shop, which is the third as you pass Pennyfields; and they will tell you this story more delicately and fragrantly than I.

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

The Materialistic Conception of History

By Austin Harrison

It was Karl Marx who first used the term, the "materialistic conception" of history, in his great economic work *Capital*, which ever since has been the gospel of Social Democracy. He meant by materialistic that the ethical powers of consciousness and will were losing their influence in the modern world of industry and capitalism, and that the more intensive the concentration of capital became, the more widespread would be the misery, degradation, and slavery of the wage-earning classes, leading thus inexorably to [his theory of] class warfare, culminating in the bursting of the capitalist integument through the pressure of the revolutionary socialisation from below. Like all fatalistic doctrine, it was a comfortable, fascinating theory, giving birth to the speculative idea of a Millennium when the expropriators would be expropriated and in the establishment of the true Collectivist State every producer would have a fair share in the profits of labour. All moral agency was eliminated, for Marx saw in the modern world only the power of capital—materialism. Purely cynical as regards all ethical forces, whether religion or idealism, he recognised merely matter, and thought that, in consequence, matter alone could destroy matter. The conditions governing the world being economic, so necessarily the solution of their problems would be economic—materialistic. Hence the inevitability of revolution—the law of force.

Few Englishmen are at all aware how profound the influence of Marx has been on German thought, which, as a fact, has assimilated his materialistic meaning of

history as a specifically national idea. Treitschke, in the domain of statecraft, was impregnated with it. Again and again he preached the doctrine of matter. "Among all political sins, the sin of feebleness is the most contemptible; it is the political sin against the Holy Ghost." It was not a new idea in Germany by any means; indeed, throughout Prussian history force has been held up as the axiom of State reason, from the days of Frederick the Great's father, through Lagarde,* List, and the Swedish poet Arndt, who first sang of an "All Germany," to Clausewitz with his famous words, "A people can only hope to take up a firm position in the political world when national character and military tradition act and react upon each other," down to Bismarck and his "Blood and Iron," when German hopes were at last realised. The difference between the economic fatalism of Marx and the political fatalism of Robertus-Treitschke-Bismarck, and latterly Chamberlain who epitomised and popularised the theme, lay merely in the end in view, Marx aiming solely at the emancipation of Labour, whereas the poets and historians thought only of the "freedom" of the Germanic peoples. In their interpretation and application of the means, these men were all in agreement. "Power has to apply itself," wrote Treitschke. Even Luther regarded war as "divine, as needful and necessary to the world as eating or drinking." The main distinction between Marx, who advocated class-warfare, and Bismarck, who advocated national warfare, consisted in the definition of the warlike right which, with Marx, became a non-human and organic necessity, while with Bismarck it was a volitional matter.

To a people flushed with victory, consolidated for the first time in history, the doctrine of war as a fatalistic necessity seemed plausible and flattering. It dispensed, as it were, with the moral element, simplified the philosophy of life, and gave the Germans, who ever since the Thirty Years' War had been a torn and divided people, disintegrated with religious feuds, personal and "Particulate"

* Paul de Lagarde (with Frederick List) was the first Pan-German historian. His *Deutsche Schriften* outlined the whole Pan-German policy which has since been followed. In 1853, he pointed to the colonisation of Asia Minor as the most important aim of Germanic policy, which had first of all to Germanise Austria. To be noted, is that this remark was made thirteen years before König-grätz.

bickerings, jealousies, and petty quarrels, a standardised creed of nationality, which up till '70 had been utterly lacking. After the war the Saxon could meet the Bavarian and talk nationally; the Hamburger, who in Gladstone's days used to play cricket "like an Englishman" (as the Prussian said), consorted with the Catholic of the Rhine, and for the first time found a common theme, a common sympathy, a common bond of memory in the strenuous days of Sedan. The working-classes accepted the new purpose of nationality because in conception it accorded with the law laid down by Marx, in which disciplinarian organisation and control in the supreme interest of authority played an all-important and essential part.

It is difficult for us to realise the novelty of the sense of nationality given to Germans by Bismarck, or even remotely their pride in it. To the German of that generation, idealist, dreamer, Philistine, and peasant, who had never known a single flag, a single policy, a single enthusiasm, the idea of race unity came as the revelation of a new Faith. He looked at the map of Europe with incredulous surprise. His Germany, the divided Germany he had known, one indivisible whole acting on one racial idea—this he had never understood; never even so much as contemplated! The simple Michel felt like a man who has suddenly been left a fortune. It was his, all his, a huge German Empire, no longer a congeries of Principalities. It was good to be feared and respected by the Powers! Obviously it was not for him to argue about the manner of its creation. Nationality had come by the sword, by the grace of God. Who was he to question the righteousness of the means which had made it? How was he to know whether Bismarck had moral right on his side or not? What was moral right? Why bother? There was the fact. God had blessed the Germanic Union, for otherwise how could it have taken place? Absolutely unaccustomed to freedom of political thought before '70, he was all the more willing to acquiesce in the fate which had brought him so much success after '70. Bismarck had been right, and Moltke had been right; no doubt the Emperor would be right also. What war had given the Germans, they would hold by war. So the materialistic view found easy credence among the general public. Planted on unsuspicious, curiously

ignorant, and traditionally servile soil, the doctrine of the successful State struck deep root in all classes of the people. It became the policy of German writers to enforce upon the German nation the comfortable beliefs that ignorance was bliss, that success lay in uninquiring acceptance of the State economy, that opposition, even criticism, constituted an act of treachery to the great cause of united Germany marching forward now in the wake of her history.

The Germans, who are congenital theorists and, politically, the most ignorant, undiscerning, and uneducated of any people in Europe, thus saw in the materialistic view a practical idea which all could understand, and which appealed to their natural passion for the great and the towering, traceable in the massive stones and thrusts of the old Gothic art. The idea of a mission in the world, of organic cataclysms, of mystical inevitability, of a Fate leading them on to higher purposes of existence—these ideas delighted and intoxicated, even if they rather terrified, the Germans, so suddenly and generously Providence had filled the country with good things, so completely life and the meaning of life seemed to have changed for them. Naturally quarrelsome, jealous, warlike, and idealistic, the German people found themselves cut off from the ordinary outlets of their activities which hitherto had found expression in internecine strife—dynastic, princely, religious, and tribal; and that particular German characteristic which may be described as the game of insult and injury. Great masses of men came together for the first time, astonished to think and speak of themselves as Germans. The reasons for their petty quarrels had gone; there was no longer a centrifugal interest within the interest; the "evil eye" of German Particularism which had been the bane of Stein, of German parochialism, of German schism, had disappeared.

As Marx taught the masses to trust in Fate, so Treitschke inspired the classes. But Bismarck was no Pan-German. In one of his most thoughtful utterances he expressly stated that "even victorious wars can only be justified when they are forced upon a nation, for we cannot foresee the cards held by Providence so nearly as to anticipate the historical development by personal calcula-

tion." And the statement is notable. It draws the line sharply between what we call Bismarckianism and Pan-Germanism. It shows that Bismarck was no mere adventurer, but a statesman recognising human limitations, the psychological and ethical factors; in no sense of the word a Materialist-Fatalist, such as Marx and the Chamberlain Pan-Germanic professorial school which has since formulated the German State policy. When Bismarck stopped at the seas, he did so for military reasons. His last legacy to Germany was caution: never, for any reason, to go to war with Russia. His militarism was politically sane. It is unthinkable that Bismarck would have declared war against the Dual Alliance, for instance, unless with the certain knowledge of Italy's active participation in the fight on the side of Germany. The idea of engaging England as well would, we may be sure, have been regarded by him as madness. Whatever he was, Bismarck was no fatalist. It was not until he had left the Chancellorship that the new gospel gained currency; that the young Emperor was able to come forward and speak to his people intoxicated with the materialistic fatalism of Marx and Treitschke—with the religious fatalism of a Christ: "I am not come to bring peace on earth, but a sword."

In the personality of the Kaiser the Germans found the leader they were looking for: a man who palpably had the stomach of a Frederick the Great, a "true Prince," as rumour quickly named him, a figure in armour ever dear to a German's heart, romantic as the lore of mythology. The Germans have always been hero-worshippers, as Carlyle found. Yet the Emperor alone could not have effected much had it not been for the new Idealism which had come into the minds of Germans as the result directly of success and indirectly of the materialistic philosophy. It is vulgarly assumed that Nietzsche is responsible for the German war-spirit, but that is an error. In a sense, Nietzsche certainly stood for the principle of power—intellectual power—as against the doctrine of servility, acceptance, and conservatism; but it was to be the expression of humanity, not of nationality—much as De Quincey defined literature as power. In Schopenhauer a similar thought is expressed. His "will to live" is quintessentially Nietzschean as opposed to Kant, whose last words were

written on "universal peace," and Herder, who denied the nobility even of nationality, and the grand cosmopolitanism of Goethe, who, illogically enough, himself bowed graciously to kings while repudiating the idea of boundaries. The train of thought of Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, and Max Stirner, with his egocentric theory, contained none the less essentially the spirit which Wagner developed in music and his glorification of German mythology; which Marx applied to economics in his gospel of fatalism; which Treitschke sanctified in his force doctrine of history; which Fichte wrote of in "Germany's realisation of her natural boundaries"; which Bismarck codified in the new policy of Might *versus* Right; which, lastly, the Kaiser enunciated with the sanction of the Holy Book, crying, "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord."

It was the great reaction against the internationalism of Goethe and Kant, brought into being by the realities of the men of action who made the German Empire. The elements had long been there. York, Scharnhorst, Stein, Clausewitz—these were all men of the Bismarckian stamp, crushed and kept under only by Napoleon. Prussia, which arose out of the warlike spirit and achievements of the Mark Brandenburg, had always stood in Europe for the principle of war, for the right of force and conquest, and when Germany was welded together it was intelligible that Treitschke should see in the consummation of German strength and solidarity the continuity of warlike evolution under the guiding nucleus of the King of Prussia.

Nor must it be forgotten that German historians and German philosophers have always descried the "finger of God" in the affairs of men and of Germany, and that this spirit of fatalism is conscientiously present in all their thoughts and writings. Kant never shook himself free from the idea of the divine creation of the world. Giesebrecht taught consistently the "favoured-nation" doctrine of German history in which the inscrutable will of the Almighty was manifest. The historian Sybel was quite solemn in his assurances about "God's" victory in 1870. Bismarck himself never tired of speaking of his "old Master sleeping with God"; indeed, the Emperor William I. was canonised long before his death. The German

soldiers of 1870 sang hymns on the battlefields. In German literature, the idea of "God and Fatherland," "with God and King," of God identified in some particular way with the German people, finds persistent expression, due, no doubt, largely to the German feeling for mythology and the mystical, and the symbolic strain in German thought: due, of course, to the hideous memories of the Thirty Years' War with the Lutheran tradition of German Protestantism standing in the centre of Catholic and "barbarian" Europe for the truth.

Odd as it may appear, the materialistic conception of history invented by Marx has not only influenced modern German thought in a way inconceivable to us, who imagined Marx to be a mere literary agitator, if anything violently antagonistic to all principles of order and nationality, but has also fitted in very sympathetically with the physical teaching of history, in that both the materialistic and the "revealed" gospels of Germanic culture were based upon fatalistic notions of historical inevitability. It enabled Treitschke to reconstruct German history on a single line of national or racial continuity, to claim Charlemagne as the direct forbear of Frederick the Great, the Hohenstaufens and Barbarossas as the historical torchbearers of the Hohenzollerns, to find in the great period of shame and silence the needful humility imposed upon Germans by God, now once more united in the chain of their destiny. To the Kaiser this attestation of history was bread and wine, investing him with the aureole of the Godhead, and it was in this spirit that he built his Avenue of Victory—to teach his people the historical significance of Prussianised Germany. It was this new spirit of semi-religious, semi-mythological vanity superimposed on the naturally sentimental and fatalistic *Schwärmerei* or dream-enthusiasm of the Germans which led them to read the history of mediæval Europe as a whole, as a connected story of Germanic effort crowned in the halls of Versailles, to look upon the young Kaiser as the Lohengrin of the German mission. In all this the memory of Luther figured conspicuously. To keep alive Lutheran Protestantism became the tradition of Germanic culture. Here again the Kaiser fretted every chord of German sentiment. And the Germans were reminded

notably of the fact when the Kaiser, on the three hundred and eighty-first anniversary of the nailing by Luther of his ninety-five theses to the door of the church at Wittenberg, terminated his address in the "Church of the Redeemer" at Palestine (October 29th, 1898) with Luther's words: "*Das Feld muss er behalten*"—[this field he must hold]. This was history-making after Treitschke's own heart. In his *rôle* of the "Pope of Wittenberg," taking under the Imperial ægis the powers of Islam, the Kaiser struck the missionary note of new Germany entering upon her quest of racial "manumission." At the time, German newspapers wrote that it was an index of the Majesty entrusted by the divine will to Germany—to bring into her fold the infidels and children of error, and so spread the grandeur of Teutonic culture over the earth in realisation of the All-German destiny.

People who ask how it is possible that so remarkably intelligent a nation as the Germans should be deceived as to the motive of the Kaiser's purely spectacular and political visit, must try to remember that humour is not a German characteristic, and that, applied to the personality of the Emperor, it constitutes a penal offence. A nation which believes in a Socialist Millennium, which on similar fatalistic grounds is ready to credit German Imperialism with divine inspiration, which has come together nationally, as it were, overnight and in despite of itself, which is naturally prone to see a mystical power in all life's purposes and manifestations, such a nation is not likely to possess much insight into the psychology of peoples, to show much intuition in the interpretation of other men's affairs, to see impartially or to draw logical conclusions. As the *Minnesänger* spirit of contemplative Germany had died out in the roar of battle and success, a new philosophy of manhood was needed, a new meaning of history. The passive or quiescent spirit of learning of old Germany had no longer any vanity. "To be or not to be," that was the thing, in harmony with the action of her soldiers, and it was with this idea inspiring them that the Germans founded the philosophy of Valour. In the "Will to Power" sanctioned by her philosophers and economists, and illustrated by divine teaching, intellectual Germany found a cut-and-dry system of nationality adaptable to the idealistic tradi-

tion, credible and mentally suggestive if only by reason of its palpable success. Out of this curious amalgam of metaphysical indefiniteness and fatalistic positiveness cultured Germany received a national cohesion and incentive which, before Treitschke and the present Kaiser, had been entirely absent. It was not merely a German Empire that had been created; it was a Germanic idea, a new theory of national being. As a new theory of life, it was at once acceptable to German intellectuals, to whom it gave a "point of view" at once philosophical and practical. If the Greeks had a theory of life, why shouldn't the Germans? Thus, as an idea, it became what Germans call "facultative," giving rise to a school of thought, to a philosophy which had the German merit of metaphysical and practical speculation. From the economic side as laid down by Marx; from the historical side as written by Treitschke and, very particularly before him, Frederick List, the Father of Pan-Germanism; from the philosophical side as deducible from popular and muddle-headed ideas of Nietzsche; from the practical side as realised by Bismarck, Moltke, and the Armies; from the mythological-religious side as demonstrated by the Kaiser, the Lutheran soldier of modern Germany.

The nobility of war as opposed to the theory of Pacificism is, of course, a very old idea, worn threadbare by Frederick the Great and emphasised by Napoleon again and again. As an argument it is difficult to refute, nor must it be forgotten that throughout history Christianity has been a fighting State institution. All the virtues are brought out by war: courage, hardihood, self-sacrifice, endurance, pity, charity, mercy, nobility, strength,—the parts—damn it!—of a gentleman and of chivalry. However this may be, the German materialistic conception was a throw-back to what may be termed synthetic mediævalism. Hence the Emperor's insistence upon such phrases as the "Mailed Fist," the "gauntlet of German might," a spirit at all times curiously pronounced in the German veneration for their Feudal Castles [*Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott* is one of the great Lutheran hymns]; the passionate sentimentalism attaching to the Rhine, the Black Forest, the Wartburg, the Brocken, the traditional joviality associated with German drinking songs, wine cellars, beer,

hock, and monkish cheer, the German metaphysical interest in ghosts, spirits, haunted heaths, and the Devil immortalised by Goethe, the German curiosity into the past and the future, the German attachment to the trappings and pomp of mediæval ceremony, the German fealty to the dead.

This intellectual sentimentalism, which the Kaiser found it so easy to play upon, is revealed in the grandeur of their martial songs and the reverence with which they sing them—"*Die Wacht am Rhein*," "*Zwei Grenadiere*," "*Deutschland über alles*," "*Heil Dir im Siegeskranz*," these are no ordinary songs of Patriotism.* They are pregnant with old German thought and tradition. Like the melody of the Lorelei, they reflect the deep roots of German romance, of German thwarted loves and ambitions; they are the living voice of the old Gothic cathedrals. No country in the world has such cherished traditions as the Germans. There is a quality in their music which seems to spring out of the memories of the soil, of the castles, of the Father Rhine. The students at the Universities meet and drink precisely as their ancestors did in Luther's time. Lore, sentiment, tradition, antiquity—these are a national cult, visible in the national respect for learning and research. It is no exaggeration to say that the Germans are still steeped in mediæval thought and habit, the proud and conscious "Barbarians" of Europe. So in the young Emperor they saw nothing untoward or artificial. He seemed to Germans to stand at their head as the very Geist of their genius, the incorporate figure of the true German valour, armed *cap-à-pie* like some heaven-sent emissary of Wotan to bring deliverance to his people.

Bernhardi's guiding principle that "the maintenance of peace never can or may be the goal of a policy," thus seemed to Germans and the professors to be an axiom in consonance with the national greatness, as biologically it was the law of existence. All life was parasitic, aggressive. All values changed. Progress, after all, merely signified the evolution of the fittest, of the strongest at

* There is nothing of the music-hall about these songs, either in the words or the music. An army which appreciates the music of these German anthems will surely fight—to the death.

any given stage. Acquiescence was only another term for stagnation and decay. In all things there was a destiny. They looked back upon the greatness of the British Empire and saw that it had been won by enterprise and force. They looked upon their own interrupted history and saw that it was the toll of national dissension and disruption, the sorrow of disunity. And now at last Germany was one, increasing by leaps and bounds as the result of war. "We were not because we never willed to be"—such was the new German thought in the years immediately after Sedan. "We must be if we will to be"—such became the German national philosophy based upon the fatalism of the materialistic conception.

Speculatively, it is thus a positive philosophy in contradistinction to the negative theory of Pacifism. The precise opposite to Utopianism, it appealed to Germans by its martial spirit of religious and racial romance; nor can it be said to be unintellectual, since this aspect of "playing with destiny," which renders *Kriegspiel* so fascinating a diversion to both soldiers and civilians, provides the agreeable mental stimulant of thinking dangerously. In every University it furnished a new chair, a new philosophy, a new field of discussion. The idea of a fatalistic German culture became the fashionable argument of the day. To apply the brute principles of an enlightened and scientifically organised Mediævalism was a conception essentially Germanic both in scope and grandeur of view, as in practice it seemed all the more realisable the deeper the corroding tenets of humanitarianism sank into and enervated the other nations of Europe less young and virile with hope. Thus the purely military policy of the Kaiser became to the professors an anthropological theory of race and numbers, of mass superiority and concentration trained in the service of destiny—a sort of scientifically organised *Völkerwanderung*. And this aspect of the question exercised the *Gelehrten*, or learned men of Germany, neither more nor less than notions of world-peace and disarmament provide theorists of the opposite school with mental pabulum and initiative. Look where he would, the German saw around him the all-present fact of German strength, German materialism, German success, achieved because as a nation they had at last realised the meaning of the

Great Elector's words when he bade them "remember to be Germans." The man who found Marx too fatalistic to be scientific discovered in Treitschke a gospel even more romantic and idealistic. If he was religious, he worshipped the Kaiser; if cynical, he read Nietzsche; if open-minded, he heard in Wagner the trumpet blare of German arms and victory; if purely scientific, he sat in his study and wondered; if philosophical, he wrote an anti-criticism of another professor's theory of "pragmatic" colonisation; if nothing much anyway, he wore a *Kaiser-binde*, or moustache-strap, and waxed up his manhood in the likeness of the Kaiser. Meanwhile, the soldiers prepared for their "day." And the Father Rhine flowed onwards to his mouth in alien hands. And the Crown Prince said openly: "What is the use of this great Army if it is not to be employed," to which the women and young Germany vociferated Amen!

Philosophically, it is thus only another theory that has gone wrong in the world, gone wrong because it left out of account the moral forces of mankind, and so the beliefs, and the powers behind those beliefs, of other peoples. The attempt to impose a resuscitated, up-to-date Mediævalism upon Europe is in reality only the modern form of the Crusading spirit, for William II. of Germany looks upon himself as surely inspired by God, as did Richard Cœur de Lion. Those who think that this will be the last European war will be wise to bear in mind the Crusading aspect which, in the eyes of Germans, is its justification. I cannot believe it will be the last Crusade in the world, whether of a culture, a philosophy, or a religion. To the Germans, we must remember, victory meant all three. The conquest of Western Europe was to be parenthetically the vindication of the higher Germanic thought in the interests of humanity, first as the prelude to the destruction of British sea-power and the "lower" Anglo-Saxon ideal, and so upwards to the superstructure of Teutonic civilisation. Nor should we forget that its failure —for fail it will—is not due to anything necessarily wrong in the theory, but solely because in its madness under the direction of a vain-glorious Absolutism it had lost all practical sense of proportion and military potentiality and, becoming reckless and over-confident, so outreached and

defeated itself. "Those whom the Gods love go mad." That is all. In the Kaiser's war system of culture we have only another proof how dangerous it is when little men, vested with great powers, play with the thoughts and ideals of great minds and fashion them after their own ends. We may say this at any rate. If the Germans have made the greatest physical effort of national expression recorded in history, they will also have welded together in one common truth and usefulness the spirit and idealism of Man.

The Collapse of Socialism

AMONG the academic surprises of the war, the breakdown of Socialism in Germany is not the least noteworthy. One often heard it said that German Social Democracy with its great principle of International Brotherhood would prove a national deterrent to any piratical aggression of Junker Germany; would seriously hamper the military arm; must inevitably educate the masses up to higher ideas of government incompatible with the martial shibboleths of Pan-German ambition. The prodigious Parliamentary vote recorded by the Party undoubtedly gave support to this contention, which to the theorist ignorant of Germany seemed logical enough. Unfortunately, we now know, the only logical thing in Germany was the Kaiser with his Pan-Germans; the rest—well, it was theory.

We went wrong in this country because we were so preoccupied with the "potins" of domestic politics, and because our Press did not regard articles on German Socialism as the sort of stuff the public wanted. The few of us here who tried to point out the significance of the change that had come over Social Democracy found it hard to obtain a hearing, so blind have politicians, editors, newspaper-proprietors, and public men been to the German question—the greatest question that men who wrote, thought, or spoke ever in history had to concern themselves with—in which, it might in this country have been realised, the Party which polled upwards of four million votes was destined to play an important part. Our Liberal Press did devote some attention to the matter, but being more concerned with their own theory of the theory than with intelligent interpretation of fact drawn from Englishmen resident in Germany and otherwise qualified to form a judgment not necessarily dictated by partisan requirements "at home," these Liberal organs quaintly derived their "higher" information from men such as Professor Delbrück and the Socialist Bernstein—Bernstein, in particular, stuffing (and

no other word is suitable) our gullible Liberals with notions of German pacificism and German friendship for England, while himself in Germany inciting the left wing of the German Socialist Party to fall into line with the "practical politics" of modern German Imperialism.

Now what Bernstein never told English Liberalism was his own share and success in Imperialising Socialism, a policy which led to a complete change in German Socialist opinion and to his prominent position in the Party there. It is still worth while looking into the question, if only on account of the collapse of theoretic Socialism and the problem which will present itself at the conclusion of the war regarding the Marxian Bible and religion of the masses. To understand the evolution of German Socialism we must go back to the years 1901–1902, when the great crisis in the Party theory took place.

The author of that crisis was Bernstein, at the time living in exile in England, and it arose over the publication of a treatise he wrote, called "The *a priori* Conditions of Socialism," in which he attacked the whole Marxian gospel. In this nebulous and discursive argument Bernstein exposed the dogma of Marx, the surplus-value theory, the materialistic conception of history—the theory, that is, of the inevitable social cataclysm leading (as Marx contended) to the expropriation of the expropriators through revolutionary class warfare. It was the first German attack on Socialism written by a Socialist, and it came at the psychological moment—at a time when German Socialists were rapidly losing the class combative spirit—the legacy of '48 and of Bismarckian oppression; when already the spirit of new Germany had begun to sap the traditional German virtues; when the young national opinion had come to look to the Emperor as the chosen leader of the German people consolidated by war for greater deeds of race conquest and glory. What Bernstein pleaded for was opportunism in lieu of the doctrinaire class struggle out of which Socialism had arisen, which now, Bernstein argued, had lost its constructive truth in that by its refusal to co-operate with the Bourgeoisie, or so-called "parties of order," Socialism necessarily condemned itself to fruitless, because negative, opposition.

At the congress at Hanover (1901) Bernstein was

arraigned by Bebel, who, speaking for over six hours on end, anathematised the new teaching as heresy. Bebel's resolution repudiating Bernstein was passed by a majority of 216 to 21, but, in reality, it only amounted to a rebuke, and Bernstein himself telegraphed from London his adherence to it. It was evident at the time that a new era had begun; that German Socialism was ready to shed not a little of its dogma; and when in the following year at Lübeck the whole question came up again, the moral victory undoubtedly rested with what had come to be called "Revisionism." The result of this theoretic controversy was shown in many ways. Bernstein had been pardoned by the Government and had returned to Germany, so that at Lübeck he appeared in person to answer for his "heresies." Instead of being impeached, as the Blanquists in the Party desired, Bernstein met merely with opposition, and Bebel's resolution, advocating the subordination of the theory to practice in place of the theory itself acting as the decisive reason, virtually conceded to Bernstein all that he desired and more than he had hoped for. In various ways many of the speakers betrayed a leaning towards a more rationalist Socialism, particularly the Trade Unionists.

It was clear that Parliamentary responsibility had killed the old class warfare; that the Party was beginning to think of itself as a living part of German thought and policy, and no longer as the spirit of revolutionary Proletarianism occupied solely with class warfare and the demolition of the Capitalist State. At Lübeck, in 1902, the Party avoided definite results. Bebel seemed to attack with a view rather to defend Bernstein. He was not convicted or reviled, as at Hanover; he was merely corrected. It had become obvious that the fatalistic theory of Marx was no longer taken seriously. In a word, Bernstein left the Congress with a policy in his pocket, and from that day "Revisionism" or the new purified Socialism became the intellectual theory more and more adhered to by the leaders and writers of the Party, more and more acted upon in all practical ways, such as the right to support Liberal policy at the polls.

The physical force men, however, still predominated. Nor did Bernstein's "Revisionism" make more than academic headway until the elections following on the

dissolution of the Reichstag in 1907, when the Emperor appealed to the country on the Jingo cry of Imperialism. What happened then astonished even the Kaiser. From 79 seats attained in 1903, on a poll of 3,259,000, or nearly 32 per cent. of the whole German vote, Social Democracy sank to 43 seats. The cause of this rebuff was the Imperial idea. Prince Bülow dissolved the Reichstag on the avowed military ticket. He appealed to Germans to think imperially, to vote for the new Naval programmes; and for the first time German politicians went "on the stump," as we do in England, with speeches and a big Poster campaign. Herr Dernburg, the man who has been sent to America to assist Count Bernsdorff in working the German-American Press against England, travelled up and down Germany making speeches—the first time a German Minister ever did such a thing. The Press, acting under the direction of the Foreign Office, organised a huge propaganda; magic-lantern displays were given in all parts of the country of German battleships, torpedoes, cruisers, with flag-waving, patriotic songs, incendiary orations, and all the paraphernalia of the Navy League and Pan-German organisations. Millions of pamphlets and leaflets were issued illustrating Germany "in danger," the terrible isolation policy of King Edward, the vital necessity of doubling and trebling the Naval arm. Even the Court took an active part in the scare, Prince Bülow himself appearing on the hustings. All the societies of "veteran soldiers" were marshalled and paraded about with their medals on their breasts. In short, Germany, for the first time, went election mad. On the night of the elections the public marched with bands to the Emperor's Palace, and gave the Kaiser his first Pan-German ovation. At the time, Germans spoke of the "new era" of German Imperialism. The Catholic Centre came back pledged to support any number of Naval Bills in Parliament. The result was startling. The Socialists were beaten—beaten fairly and squarely on the cardinal principle of their creed. It was obvious that the working-classes were not opposed to Militarism. From the year 1907 German Social Democracy ceased to exist on the old lines, and became a constitutional opposition party in place of the rigid class anti-national faction under the revolutionary leadership of the veteran Liebknecht.

At the International Congress at Stuttgart, Bebel astonished the Pan-Germans by vigorously opposing the French motion on the table for International Brotherhood, pleading passionately for the national rights of the army, for nationality and the flag. The Party began to discuss colonial enterprise. Bebel himself was dubbed the "Chief Revisionist." December 3rd, 1906, he even went so far as to say that "just colonisation," on the English lines of self-development and free initiative, would command the hearty support of his Party. From all sections of German Social Democracy, Imperialist tendencies arose. It had become no longer possible for Socialist agitators to capture votes by abusing the Kaiser, by thundering against Militarism, by deprecating the need of more ships, by appealing to the instincts of class warfare. The German workman had grown to be proud of his country's fame. He liked the idea of German ships-of-war. He no longer spoke disrespectfully of the German Mission; and nowhere was this change of attitude more conspicuous than in Catholic Bavaria, which was in entire agreement with the Emperor's forward policy. In the Party itself it became the mark of distinction for a member to criticise the old theory. Calwer broke out in support of Germany's Tariff policy. Schippel made speeches in favour of conscription, actually supporting the Minister of War against Bebel in the Reichstag. The whole gospel of Marx became diluted with opportunist makeshifts. If 1907 shattered wooden Marxianism, the next elections vindicated Bernstein's Revisionism, and the Party came back in triumph on the Imperialist idea, returned as the one, but now recognised, national opposition open to Germans who, as frequently as not, voted red to keep up the semblance of Constitutional Liberty vested in the impotent debating Chamber called the Reichstag.

All kinds of men, German bankers, for example, often voted for the Socialists, not because they wanted Socialism or thought that Social Democracy constituted a healthy potentiality, but simply because, German Liberalism having etiolated into a mere group of dialectical debaters, the Socialists constituted the people's only opposition to the Feudal absolutism of the Kaiser, the sole means of getting home grievances ventilated—in fine, the one public platform not directly subservient to official authority in

Germany, the Centre always voting Catholic *en bloc*, and the Right and the old National Liberal Party being avowedly and solidly Ministerialists. Up to 1907 the influence of Socialism on all national questions had been purely negative; after their defeat, even that opposition became controversial. When the disarmament scare arose in 1907, German Social Democracy stood with the nation. I was in Germany at the time. Bernstein himself told me that the idea of German Socialists wanting to disarm, wanting even to check the Emperor in his shipbuilding craze, was moonshine. I found German Socialists freely admitting as much. The idea of giving back Alsace-Lorraine in the interests of brotherhood and European peace never entered their heads. The notion that the masses were opposed to compulsory service, to Imperialism, to Germany's "right of say" on the seas, to the German "defensive" military policy, was scouted by all the advanced leaders of Socialism in 1907. Bebel* himself stood for a national militia. In *England and Germany* (published 1907) I wrote:—"Socialism is no longer, and henceforth never will be, a decisive barrier to German Imperialism, whatever its course may be, whenever the Emperor may call upon his people to 'realise' it, and wherever he may lead them."

And so it has proved. Every German Socialist knew that the German attack upon France would strike *via* Belgium, and not a Socialist in Germany protested. The *Vorwärts*, prohibited at all railway stalls in Germany at the outbreak of war, has since been given every encouragement by the police, and could be bought all over the Fatherland. When Dr. Franck was killed at the front, a Foreign Official expressed Ministerial grief at the loss Socialism had received. A deputation of German Socialists was sent to Italy to induce their Italian "comrades" to come into the fight with Germany. There has been no insubordination among the masses who made

* Bebel was never in doubt as to the disastrous consequences of German militarism and repeatedly stated in the Reichstag and elsewhere that aggression would unite Europe against Germany and, in the event of war against France and Russia, would end in the downfall of the German Empire. He admitted, however, that his views were not shared generally by Socialists, and that he could not control the Imperialistic spirit which had intoxicated Socialist and Bourgeois alike.

up the last 4,000,000 Socialist poll; not a Socialist organ has denounced the German onslaught on neutral Belgium or the cause of the war, the assassination of a Catholic Archduke. The entire class code has vanished with the fatalistic fabric of Marx. At the first shot, confronted with reality, not a theory of Social Democracy, the greatest economic movement and organisation in history, survives —the gospel of international fraternity is seen to be a hollow thing, unreal and ridiculous. Belgium, the scene of many an International Socialist gathering, the country whither Singer repaired with a party to help his brother Socialists in the great strike of Brussels, has been cheerfully devastated by the proletarians of Berlin and Munich as if Socialism all these years had been the nursery of Imperial strategy and Bebel had been the Kaiser's chaplain—Bebel, who for thirty years had denounced with unrivalled eloquence the military "insanity" of Potsdam and predicted the inevitable world-war. All talk, sham, the froth of theory. "Leave the Socialists to me," the Kaiser said in his early days, "I will settle with them." He was right. The great Actor-Manager of Europe knew his business. Before the drum, the whole edifice of Marx and Lassalle, of Engels and Liebknecht, has crumbled down with inglorious precipitancy; there is not a stone of it remaining.

Nobody, except an English Liberal, ever expected anything else; none the less, the problem of Socialism is not thereby solved, nor is the war by any manner of means at an end, nor, in all probability, has the last word of German Socialism been said to the German Emperor. We have yet to see. Strange things may come to pass in the Fatherland. When the German *débâcle* begins, it would not surprise me in the least to hear of a Communist war in Germany, of famine riots, of a proletarian rising against the man and the system responsible for the infamous German crime against Germany and civilisation. But these events belong to the domain of speculation. If, later on, they play their military part in the affairs of Germany, so much the better for the Allies. For the time being, Social Democracy is dead. It has gone because it was a theory that had lost touch with the realities and thought-waves of the time, the survival of a philo-

sophy superimposed as dogma to meet the crisis and coercive legislation of a particular epoch, unadapted and unadaptable to fresh exigencies and conditions which necessarily change and modify, whereas theory is a static conception; because, lastly, German Socialism had drifted away from Marx into the slough of German Imperialism, as far from the ideal which it had set itself to win to as ecclesiasticism has drifted from Christianity.

Russia, too, stood on the brink of revolution; nor can there be any question that it was largely owing to Germany's knowledge of Russia's internal situation that she considered the time propitious for action.

What happened in Germany, took place automatically in Russia. The strikes immediately ceased. From the hour of the German ultimatum, every moujik in All the Russias kissed the Ikon of War in the name of the "Little Father." As the four million German Socialists marched to the mobilisation depôts, cursing the name of Russia, so all the Russians, who a day before were preparing for the great revolution which was to free Russia and abolish Tsardom, sung hymns of praise to the Almighty presence calling them against the old enemy. In these seeming paradoxes, which are no paradoxes at all, the philosopher may find reason for contemplation. The Germans, at any rate, were under no delusion. Since the death of Bebel, German Socialism has been without a leader. Despite their Parliamentary power, in a country where Ministerial responsibility is non-existent they had perforce accomplished nothing all these years, and latterly their whole philosophy had lost all vestige of the original class fanaticism. Bernstein himself had long ago ceased to be an orthodox Socialist, and was really what we would call a Radical. In Bavaria, under the leadership of v. Vollmar, the Socialists were in a chronic condition of revolt against the discipline of Prussian Conservatism. The plain truth is that Marxian Socialism had vanished, as the oppressive conditions under which it arose and grew tended to disappear in the orgy of German prosperity and the materialism of the Imperialist idea.

Though the German Social Democratic organisation was the most serious, the most intelligent, and the most comprehensive in Europe, it collapsed the hour that the

Emperor decided upon war in violation of all the principles held up as sacred by Socialists in Germany and elsewhere. As Bebel once said, "We Germans are *Siegesbetrunken*" (drunk with victory). Now that Socialism, in its international sense, has gone, it will be interesting to see what new gospel will arise from its ashes. In the meanwhile, all that we can find of its attachments are the forlorn and ludicrous figures of Keir Hardie and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald struggling with the mendacious fiction that war was unavoidable, while their German comrades pay an Imperial visit to Rome to try to drag Italy into the fight against their "brother" Russians and Austrians and French and Belgians, and Keir Hardie's "downtrodden" India rallies to the British flag. It is, to use Marx's historical phrase, the "negation of the negation."

Once more we see the inevitable process of self-combustion when theory is confronted with reality. German Socialism failed because it possessed no real power in the country, and because the larger numerically it grew, the more eclectic and conscious it became of its nationality both in practice and in theory, and so lost its inherent purpose and perspective. Ceasing to live for its single cause—the end laid down by Marx as the purely economic war to be waged on behalf of Labour—it came to regard the movement as the all in all (the Parliamentary vote, the agitation, the number of Socialist newspapers, &c.), leaving the cause to take care of itself. In other words, Socialism forfeited its soul for the materialist success of the hour. In so doing, it over-developed itself: philosophically, into a Party at war with its own beliefs and motive forces; strategically, into a false position no longer in consonance with the conditions of its time, as German Liberalism had done before it. German Liberalism went down as the result of the success of '70. There was no longer room in exultant Germany for a non-Imperial Party; and though for years Eugen Richter kept up the opposition to armaments and aggression, it was merely the lip-service of tradition, and was so regarded by the general public. The armament question split the Liberal *Freisinige* in two; what remained of Liberalism in Germany automatically melted into Social Democracy.

For the last ten years in Germany Liberalism, as a power, was non-existent. After 1907, the Social Democratic movement had to change its face too. It had to change because Germany had changed; because the German working-classes were doing very well; because in times of great national prosperity it becomes impossible to propagate the gospel of economic international altruism.

The growing danger in the problem of England and Germany in recent years lay precisely in this distinction of German and English theory applied to practice; for while German Socialists were growing more practical, more national as a party, that is, we were becoming more theoretical and less national in consequence. That the danger was real we can see now easily enough if only from the curious fact that at the outbreak of hostilities not a member of the four million electorate in the Reichstag found a word to say against war; whereas here, where we have no practical Socialism but a very influential body of Liberal and more or less Socialist theorists, nearly half the Cabinet resigned, including the nominal leader of the Labour Party, and the working-man Minister, Mr. John Burns. As the trend of opinion was running in the two countries, German theorists becoming more and more Imperialists, and our nationalists becoming more and more theorists, one hesitates to think what disaster might not have happened had another five years of peace and mutual delusion been granted to Europe by the sovereign on whose sole pleasure war or peace depended. So long as that was the situation in Europe, neither Social Democracy nor any social theory had a dog's chance. If our politicians thought otherwise, it was because they failed to understand the values of power obtaining in Germany. When Mr. Will Crookes called for "God Save the King" at Westminster, our theorists, at any rate, received their answer. They may be left to it. All the same, it will be for us to decide which threatens the greater danger to the State: a huge party of theory which, in practice, has no power—as in the case of German Socialism suborned in the national purpose of the whole; or a small body of theorists possessing actual power in conditions of popular Government, as in England, where insular theory gravitates unconsciously into a sloppy and emasculate

sentimentalism calculated (as we can see from Sir E. Grey's quixotic efforts to bring into line public opinion with the requirements of military necessity and of the national honour) to lame Governmental action in the hour of the gravest crisis. It is a problem which must concern at no distant time not only Social Democracy in whatever form it may re-arise, but very seriously the constitution of Statesmanship.

NOTE.—It is right to say that Bernstein a few months before the War recanted in a lecture at Buda-Pest, where he asserted that socialism could never make headway until German militarism had been overthrown. This fact leads me to believe more than ever that the solution of the War will come through an uprising of the German people, no doubt leading to the formation of a German Republic.

England and Germany

By Austin Harrison

THE capture of Antwerp after a few days' siege has naturally struck the imagination of the world, though militarily it is only an incident, so far as results are concerned, in the German operations on the western theatre of war. None the less, the fall of the city marks a stage in the "fiscalisation" (as the Germans say) of Belgium, which enables us to form certain conclusions, both military and political, clearing, so to speak, the air. I am not going to indulge in armchair strategy. Antwerp, however, provides us with a salutary lesson which our footballers and other unthinking people will do well to take to heart. And it is this—not to underrate the foe.

Without question, the capture of the great fort, commonly supposed to be impregnable, and regarded even by military opinion till the eve of its fall to be the strongest fortified position in Europe, was a remarkable achievement —the work of the Austro-German siege guns. No object can be served in pretending otherwise. We now know that these Krupp siege guns, provided they can be got into position, go through forts as easily as our cavalry is said to go through the German Uhlans, like brown paper. It is one of the revelations of the war. The fortification "expert" has been proved wrong. The Germans, who have long boasted of their "secret" siege guns, have established a new truth in military science, to be set beside the now admitted value of aircraft, which may be said (in contradistinction to what was told us before their use was put to the proof) to be the second and true "sight" of the artillery. In considering the task before the Allies, we must take this gun factor of the Germans into account. We must assume that the German forts, Metz, Strassburg, etc., are provided with these weapons, and that the passage of the Rhine—when the time comes for the French and British

Armies to force its passage—will be defended by them. People who think the Germans are going to be easily driven back across the Rhine are seriously mistaking the resources and qualities of the enemy, and it is right that they should be disillusioned. Decisions can only be obtained by untiring and unconquerable effort. That the Allies will eventually obtain those decisions we may count on, because the three great elements of successful war—money, time, and Sea Power, not to speak of numbers (a consideration which will only make itself felt as the war progresses, each month proportionately to the disadvantage of the Germans), are against Germany, whereas the longer the war is protracted the greater economic damage the Allies will be able to inflict upon trade and the internal situation of their adversaries. The equation of attrition (of life and substance) is thus all on the side of the Allies. So much so that we can say with mathematical certainty that a two years' war will damage Germany five times as much as a one year's war, and a three years' war ten times as much as a two years' war.

But to belittle German arms is merely foolish. The German advance on Paris was an astonishing feat. That the German war machine is terribly efficient, we can admit. All the more confidently must we realise not only how imperative for civilisation it is to crush it, but how resolutely we must apply ourselves to bring about this consummation. This result can only be effected by prodigious sacrifice and endeavour. The Allied Armies are fighting the most powerful enemy that ever took the field of battle, a nation trained for war, who have thought out the present contest to the minutest detail, a people who will go down fighting. Against the military organisation and spirit of Germany the idea of a speedy victory must be put aside. The war that has broken out is in its primitive instincts a racial movement, as in all its moral and philosophic motives it is a nation's struggle for supremacy, for historic life and being. It is thus a Civil War, in the sense of a civilisation which, as the result of decades of careful preparation, has deliberately set out to beat down and impose itself upon another civilisation according to the laws which govern the fittest. Such a contest must be fought out with the desperation and ferocity peculiar to all Civil War. Nor should we forget that no people know

the horrors of civil strife better than the Germans. The wars of Frederick, the Thirty Years' War, the Peasants' War—these are the historic memories of the Germans. To imagine they will shrink from the superhuman task they have taken upon them, is to misunderstand the German character and spirit. To Germany this war means literally all or nothing. On both sides the struggle has assumed the terrible intensity of life preservation; for the Allies who are fighting the cause of Liberation; for the Germans in the grapple of existence. We may make up our minds to that now, in the spirit of the foes who confront us.

Apart from the military value of Antwerp to the Germans as the base for operations in the air, and possibly by sea, against this country, and as a defence work in conjunction with Namur, Huy, and Liège when the Germans are forced back out of France (for which eventuality the capture of the fortress was, of course, undertaken), a political lesson attaches to its fall which concerns England in particular. It was Britain, the German Press said, who forced Antwerp to defend itself and so undergo the horrors of bombardment; it was England who brought this needless misery upon the inhabitants of the city—England acting selfishly in her own interests. At the outbreak of war, the intervention of the British Army was regarded with derision. German soldiers would make a point of "wiping out" the British Army, characterised by the Kaiser as "contemptible." But contact with the British forces in the field soon chastened this impression, which has since changed into one of ferocious hatred. The rejoicings in Germany over the fall of Antwerp took the form of an anti-English demonstration. Immediately, we were treated to the nonsense of a late October invasion. To the Germans, Antwerp brought London sensibly within their grasp. Antwerp was a victory over the British, a stage nearer to the German conquest of England. So, politically,* Antwerp points its lesson, even if in its incidence the German hatred is rather impotent than effective.

* Antwerp renders also the question of Holland's neutrality highly actual. Germany is doing a big business all the time through Holland; her agents are coming and going daily. Nothing can go on here that is not thus made known to the Germans. The Dutch papers know much more than we do about the movement of troops, &c. In this respect our Censorship is sheer ostrich folly.

All the same, this explosion of anti-English feeling is instructive, brushing away the last vestige of doubt the wildest sentimentalist among us may have entertained regarding the justice of British participation in the war which, as the Germans have informed us, is aimed primarily and essentially at the overthrow of British power. This hatred has, of course, been the dominant reason of German policy ever since the Kaiser ascended the throne. It was first apparent as a force in German public opinion at the time of the death of the Emperor Frederick, when antagonism at the presence of Sir Morell Mackenzie, called in as consulting physician, burst all bounds of national decency. German antipathy to the Empress was ascribed by many people here to her want of tact, her somewhat assertive personality which chafed at the formalities and restrictions of a Court to which she was foreign; but in reality it was due to no such reason. The Germans hated the Empress because she was English, because her sympathies, habits, manners, and outlook brought into the Court, which Germans were determined should be fiercely and racially German, a point of view hateful to the new national spirit. Since the war of '70 it had become the burning desire of Germans to emancipate their foreign policy from attachment, whether dynastic or otherwise, to England; to cut adrift from what was called the "Prussian tradition." To this day the Empress is spoken of with execration. At one time it was common for German officers in public places to rattle their swords in their scabbards at the mention of her name. Hatred of her became almost a legend. It is true that the high-spirited Empress made little attempt to correct the impression public opinion had formed of her, but her real fault consisted in her nationality, for which she was not responsible. If we wish to fathom the depth of the German hatred of this country, we must remember that it dates from the day of the proclamation of German unity in Paris, since when it has been nurtured and upheld as an axiom of Germanic truth. Nor is it an exaggeration to say that the popularity and almost curious power of the Kaiser, who consistently shunned his mother till the reconciliation at her death-bed, has been due to the significance of the Imperial Head of German opinion as the arch-hater of

Great Britain, whose power he was "destined" to cast down.

We have often wondered in this country how it is that the Germans have seemed so unwilling to discuss matters of foreign policy with us, to receive and accept our confidences, to treat us with the friendly spirit we would fain have bestowed upon them. But those who wondered, simply failed to understand. Theorists and political match-makers who thought that German and British policy could be brought into line; that a common bond of interest could be found on a broad and generous basis of give and take; that the sympathies of the two peoples could be united by Treaty or understanding (such as our *Entente* with France), failed to grasp the root passion governing German thought policy and design which, ever since the creation of the German Empire as the result of war, may be said to have consisted in hatred and envy of England.

Well-wishers in this country who have tried so hard in recent years to bring about pleasant relations between England and Germany were continually being brought up before the hard reality of this German feeling, which, as they failed to conceive it in themselves, they therefore were unable to appreciate in the Germans. To these people the idea of a permanent German hatred seemed nonsensical. The notion that England stood in the path of German destiny seemed fantastic. It was not possible that the great and learned German people should hate the English, and so on; and these premises looked good enough. In reality they were merely theories, because they left out of account the other side, the German estimate of values which from the German point of view were precisely the contrary.

In German opinion, Great Britain was in the position of the great landowner who refuses to sell his land. She possessed everything, they contended, all the colonies, all the power, all the markets, all the cables, coaling-stations, naval bases, all the outlets she desired, which she maintained by her monopoly of sea power at the cost of the non-seafaring peoples. England was thus the Great Tyrant of civilisation. All her possessions had been obtained by force, by political seizure, and by her policy of grab and political dishonesty. The pirate kingdom of the modern

world, she was able to hold her position because she had been the first to grasp the value of sea power, whereas the other nations had always been too preoccupied and too unadventurous to challenge it. But this condition, a condition which implied fixture of continuity, could not be accepted by the new German people conscious of their own historical purpose, for there was no permanency in the world, moreover the very acceptance of such a condition presupposed a weakness entirely alien to Germanic thought and dignity.

If sea power was indispensable to the English, so it was indispensable to Germans. As it was, Germany could not develop. Wherever she attempted to impose herself, English interests crossed her path. Even from the abstract view of force, England's claim was unfounded. The *ultima ratio* of Right was Might. But the British Empire had grown out of all proportion to its defensible possibilities. No self-respecting nation could accept the claim of any one people to rule the seas indefinitely. In the case of Great Britain the claim was particularly arrogant, since the Island people who swept the seas were ludicrously weak both numerically and militarily in comparison with the growing power and significance of the Germans at last coming into their own.

Such, in brief, is the German exposition of the case which, whether it be called Pan-Germanism or Kaiserism, constituted the bed-rock of opinion in the Fatherland while we were seeking to pacify the Germans by pretending it was not so. The truth is that the Germans for thirty years now have looked upon England as the real enemy, the last obstacle to their self-realisation. And it is this spirit of envy and hatred which has lain behind the German theory of War or Valour, which prompted the Kaiser to build up to our Fleet, which inspired Pan-Germanism, which sucked in its toils the brain and intelligence of the country. That is why every attempt made on our side to placate German opinion, to discuss shipbuilding policies, and to talk disarmament, has seemed to the Germans but one stab more into the national pride, one insult the greater to avenge.

The hatred the Germans bear towards us is no artificial product capable of adjustment through the soothing influences of time and persuasion, it is a racial philosophy of

life. As such it has become not only a policy but a national doctrine—the philosophy of the "top dog." So the German people long ago made up their minds to be the first in the world, in plain words to fight their way up to European supremacy by land and by sea. In a people which holds itself by some special dispensation of Providence to be the chosen warriors of the modern world and the pathfinders of a higher civilisation, committed, as it were, by predestined law to win to the place thus assigned to them, this hatred of the rival Power is seen to be logical, if to others it may appear unreasonable. There is moreover an intellectual force in the notion of a higher Germanic culture, which naturally appeals to a race characterised throughout history as nationally uncertain of itself. Codified as a State ethic, envy is apt to demoralise any people. When magnified into a religion its effects are bound to be disastrous, as we see in the case of Germany. Every people has the right to break out, glibly writes Bernhardi. In a creed like this, of course, there is no romance or chivalry or nobility. Merely the cult of greed, the German hatred is in every sense an ignoble attitude, the law of the jungle. That it is aimed principally at us is due simply to our maritime position—the prize of German ambition.

History can present no other case of national envy being raised into a scientific statement of life, such as the German attitude. Thus the object of the war was to crush France not only in the ordinary military sense but to annihilate the French race. For years this policy has been discussed by Germans of all classes and accepted as the German right and intellectual privilege. Maximilian Harden, for instance, has bluntly formulated the German aim and even abused the Government for not being honest enough publicly to admit it. Once France had been reduced to a vassal State, necessarily drawing Holland and Belgium into the Germanic Federation, Germany with a wide sea-border would be in the position to cope with England. Not a German ever considered the morality of such action. Not a professor ever rose up to denounce the criminality of such a statesmanship. The notion that learning necessarily implies nobility of thought is, of course, quite erroneous. We never credited the Germans with these fell intentions because of our astonishing ignorance of Continental thought

and our childlike assumption that an intellectual German must therefore be a moral German, in the sense of international comity so far as the maintenance of treaty obligations, honour, respect for the rights of other peoples and such-like abstract principles are concerned. But nations have different codes of morality, both of the State and the flesh. Napoleon, for instance, saw life differently from President Wilson. Frederick the Great, again, looked on Europe very much as Napoleon did because he, too, was a soldier. A nation of soldiers, such as the Germans, are not likely to cultivate the attitude of, say, a Presbyterian Radical. The mistake is costing us dearly. When the German newspapers accuse us of being responsible for the war because we never declared our intentions there is a cynical truth about the assertion which we cannot refute. Had we possessed a national Army this summer, there would have been no ultimatum to Servia. Had we announced officially in the House of Commons about the middle of July our firm intention to fight for France if that Power was attacked, in all probability the war would have been avoided, though, I admit, only postponed. As Bernhardi says, "There is a clear reciprocal relation between the military and political preparations for war, for war and policy obey the same laws; great results can only be obtained where political foresight and military resolution join hands."

This has been—we can all see it now—the great danger in Europe ever since 1900. The great military Power preparing for war as the ethical reason of State, while Great Britain, as the leading Power on the seas, sought by peaceful protestations and "good example" to solve a problem which, as it stood for force, could only be solved by force. Instead of being ready to meet the German invasion, we were caught hopelessly unprepared like a lot of amateurs. Although this war has threatened Europe for ten years, and actually five times was on the verge of breaking out, we took no precautions, grumbled even about building ships. Warned again and again, to-day we have no right to complain. Our unpreparedness was precisely what the Germans counted on. Where they went wrong was in their estimate of our national spirit—it never occurring to the logical and methodical mind of the German that a nation which, realising the peril, yet took no steps to

safeguard or even assert herself, could possibly be so inconsequent as to accept the German challenge and then set to work to meet it. If we consider this single fact for a moment we can realise the gulf dividing British from German thought, the impossibility of reconciling such antagonistic points of view. To the German professors, this military-political carelessness of ours amounts to criminality. They cannot understand how a people can be so foolish, just as we cannot understand how the Germans can be so politically immoral. Tell a German professor that, and he would gasp. Immoral! How so? For years, he would respond, Germany has proclaimed the intention of war. "If a man has the chance, is he not to take it?" There can be no immorality about a policy explained in every German newspaper for the last fifteen years, in every professorial chair, in every responsible utterance. Rather is it immoral for a nation, like the English, to pretend that they were the friends of a people whom they now denounce as wicked for doing the very thing they have proclaimed to the world as the national policy and religion, and so leading the German people astray. The German supposition was that as England did not prepare to oppose Germany therefore she did not intend to oppose her. From the fulness of our hearts we may thank our stars that the accident of Russian co-operation has saved England from the ruin that otherwise would have overtaken her with France.

That is the reason why the German hatred is now directed chiefly at us. If we failed to grasp the military situation before the war, let us at least understand the political one which we shall have to face now for a century. Our intervention has thwarted the whole German military design. Had we * failed Belgium, as the Germans counted on, that country could hardly have defended itself. Our ships have swept German commerce from off the seas. Our valiant Expeditionary Army held up the German flanking advance at the crucial moment. The entire Western Campaign has miscarried largely owing to our armed support. These things the Germans will never forgive us. The hatred they bore us before the war will henceforth be doubled. We must prepare now to meet the full venom of German rancour on the field of battle and in political life. No

* Diplomatically, of course. This was the work of Sir E. Grey. Had he flinched, Belgium might pardonably have been overawed. To her, the Allies owe all.

greater mistake could be made than to assume that this war will be terminated by ordinary paper Treaties and conventions, by conferences of so-called distinguished ambassadors, with the usual lack of results either to the victor or the vanquished. This war will be the most terrible in all history and the most fiercely contested. No parchment documents can settle it. The problem is not one of statesmanship or kings. As a racial movement, it will only be ended with the military destruction of that race crippled of its power for evil. Any other view is misleading.

Its final solution—through the German people—is more than probable, but that time is not yet; nor is there any use to-day even in discussing such an eventuality. From henceforth the war bears the character of this racial German hatred which aims at our destruction. We must reckon with every conceivable act of German diplomatic treachery and machination; we must prepare for every possible surprise. As time goes on and Germany realises the impossibility of defeating the Allied Armies, she will endeavour by every means known to man to stir up enmity between the Allies, to detach them, to create discord and trouble in the British possessions, to sow distrust and propagate falsity in our midst, with one end in view—to crush this Island. If there is any Englishman to-day who expects that on the termination of the war Briton and German will shake hand and forget, he must be indeed a pretty simpleton. The Germans will not forget. We, on our side, must remember that to render powerless a nation of sixty-eight millions, not to speak of the Austrians, is a task never before attempted in war, a task which would have staggered even the vanity of Xerxes. That is the situation. To refuse to face it, is folly. From now onwards the Germans and the British face one another as implacable foes fighting for their respective existences. In the struggle, either we go down or the Germans. There will be no golden mean. We are the enemy the Germans seek to destroy. Either they succeed or we as ruthlessly destroy them.

In many ways we have not yet risen to the nobility of our task. The question, for instance, of allowances to wives and families of soldiers is still in a state of red tape chaos and unbusinesslike direction, due to the breakdown of the department responsible through overwork, want of system, and the usual fog of officialism. If we are to fight

this war on voluntary effort, this amateurishness must cease. Surely the time has come for the Government to place this matter on a big national basis worthy of the cause and of the people. And this it should do at once by means of a special War Provision Loan, as the Americans did. It should be a national honour to care generously for the dependants of all soldiers. The Government would be far better employed seeing to this question than fussing about the lights of London—which from an aeronautical point of view can hardly be regarded as a serious deterrent.

Are we downhearted? No, we are not; almost I wish we were, for then Britain would rise as one man. I am going to be perfectly plain. We don't yet realise the stupendous gravity of our military task, we are not conscious of the terrible nature of the war we are engaged upon, we are not stern enough about our responsibility. The Antwerp "affair" alone shows how curiously unable even our authorities seem to be to grasp the force of the German military organisation. Just think. On the Saturday that a grotesquely ill-equipped body of Naval Brigade raw levies were sent into the Antwerp trenches to fight, which the men did, like veterans, our newspapers were full of reports of football matches. I will say no more. But this is the sort of thing that must end if we are to thrash the Germans. We must cease the silly prattle about one Cockney leading in five Uhlans with a sausage, our accounts of German boots in shreds, etc.; the war is too serious for such journalistic nonsense. As a fact, the German soldiers don't wear socks, but a kind of puttee,* their boots are excellent. We may be sure that when Moltke said the war of '70 was won by boot-leather, the lesson has been taken to heart. And that is it. Ink-pot gibes at the Germans won't help anybody. We are fighting the most scientifically equipped army ever seen in war, an army which has prepared for this attack on Europe for ten years unremittingly. We are fighting the largest and most redoubtable foe in all history, and every Englishman

* It would be better if we devoted our attention to the cloth provided for Kitchener's Army. The Government's price is about 28s. 6d., which means the cheapest almost in the market. As there appears to be no expert control, even this low standard is not kept to under the contract system. But why is our Army to be thus niggardly clad? The men ought to have the best. Our contract stuff is far inferior to the German Army cloth.

ought to know it. We are fighting the applied military brains of five decades. All the more honour to us when we beat them.

The question that we have to decide is whether our voluntary effort, however wonderful, will be able to cope successfully with the scientific war system of our foe. War with us has always been what military writers call one of "limited activity," that is to say, we have never had an army since the era of conscription capable of bringing about decisions on the Continent, and so ending a war satisfactorily. The German military staff has long counted on this method of ours. But this is a war where only "full strength" will bring about the necessary decisions. It is thus a war of what the Germans call "unlimited activities." We must remember that in a war of this kind so-called battles are only to be looked on as incidents. In this the German military experts have been right, and what Bernhardi wrote, that with the enormous extent of the modern fighting line it would be impossible to bring about one decisive issue in the old sense of the word, has proved correct, as we can see in this campaign. From the Marne we went to the Aisne. From the Aisne we have gone to the north-west corner of France. But still there is no decision. If the Germans fall back there will no doubt be a great contest in Flanders, another one on the lines Antwerp, Liège, etc. Pressed further back there will be their own frontier lines. Finally, there will be the lines of their fortresses. As a last resort there will be the line, the almost impregnable line, of the Rhine.

The question, therefore, is, are we setting about this war with full strength? I cannot say that we are. It would seem imperative to have conscription at once—though there again the question arises whether we could deal with the men, or train them, or provide them with rifles. We ought to segregate all non-naturalised Germans in these Islands and keep them under military watch. We ought to make a razzia of all spies who, if convicted, should be shot. We ought to look forward to a couple of years of war. Lastly, the Government ought to be a military one, with full powers, civil and military, for the duration of the war.*

* Englishmen who would care to have an unbiassed view of the nature of the war between England and Germany should read *The Day of the*

As for a bomb or so over London, they are not likely to do much harm. War is war; the trouble is we don't half realise what war against Germany means. But we will make a terrible mistake if we underrate the German armies; if we fail to provide for all possible contingencies. We need now more truth in the Press, a deeper realisation of our responsibility, a single Governmental control vested in the supreme military command.*

We are fighting, like the French and Belgians, like the Germans themselves, for all—for life, for our historical continuity. With the aid of Russia we shall win. But it is still a long way to Berlin. We read in the Press of the Belgian Legation summoning the volunteers and militiamen 1914, who have *not yet* taken up arms, to proceed to Rouen, while our boxers box, our horses run, and the Cup Ties go on as usual. In the meanwhile, let us remember that the struggle must now in all its ultimate bearings be fought out between England and Germany.

Saxon, by Mr. Homer Lea, an American, who thus summarises our national attitude:—"The old ideals which produced the world-Empire have been laid aside. The warlike spirit is only of secondary consideration; it is hardly anything farther than that spirit of commerce, slothful and satiated with the accumulation of things which are useless for national and racial progress."

This is undoubtedly true. We have now either to cultivate and give proof of this warlike spirit, preparing to fight to the end, or go under. In plain words, we have got to fight Germany with her own weapons, to become as armed, as determined, as scientifically equipped, and as warlike as she is.

* The question of Antwerp has raised this matter to the point of gravity. It appears that technically the "final judgment as to both the sufficiency and the efficiency of the Navy on which the nation's security depends rests with a Civilian Minister, whose qualifications for his post are not formed on special technical knowledge."—[*The Morning Post*, November 24th, 1900.] I submit: is this the fact, and, if so, ought not this amateurishness to be immediately rectified? I am not casting any reflection on Mr. Winston Churchill, who is a brave man. We are all liable to mistakes. But what is essential is a minimum of mistakes. The mere presence of Mr. Churchill at Antwerp for the "week-end" showed how singularly he underrated the powers of the German attack on the fortress. That is the point. This schoolboy spirit may be magnificent; the question is, Will amateurishness of this kind avail against the war science of the Germans? Our Army is certainly the finest in Europe. It is the administration I am referring to: the Antwerp "week-end," Mr. McKenna's slackness about spies, the muzzling of the Press, etc. What I mean by amateurishness is the muddle, inevitable in the circumstances, caused by a war of this magnitude, which was not prepared for. That is why we need a single military Administration to galvanise and direct our fighting machine.

A New Map of Europe

By Britannicus

The Allies have on the whole good reason to be satisfied with the way the first three months of the war have gone. If the Germans counted on an initial and crushing success in France that would leave them free to confront Russia in barely diminished strength, they have been woefully disappointed. When the great advance upon Paris was met and foiled by a greater retreat, followed up by an offensive that hurled back the invaders almost to their starting-point, the first round in the German fight against Time was lost. So far as the Kaiser hoped to convert the war on two fronts into a war on one front at a time, his strategical defeat has been little less than absolute. The anticipated advantages of a higher preparedness, superior numbers, and a plan of campaign worked out long in advance and down to the last detail, were never reaped. They came, however, within an ace of being. The world has never seen, and may never see again, a spectacle of such overwhelming military efficiency as the Germans furnished after their momentary, but for the Allies invaluable, check at Liège. It justified everything that the warmest admirers of the German Army as a machine and an organisation have ever said in its praise; and it confounded those who thought that the very vastness of the structure might make it unwieldy. Scarcely a cog slipped. The completeness and perfection of its equipment, the massive simplicity of its strategy, the skill with which overpowering numbers were always concentrated at the decisive point, and the mobility, endurance, and disciplined valour of the troops more than reproduced the staggering impression made upon our fathers by the German handling of the war of 1870. But it proved a wasted effort. The Anglo-French forces, while always pushed back, were never dissipated, much less destroyed, and the German right

wing, whether from a shortage of food and ammunition or through a lack of adequate support on the left, found its brilliant dash exhausted just when it seemed to be fingering the prize. The intervening weeks have served to show that, masters of the art of war as the Germans unquestionably are, they are not more so than their adversaries; that their higher command lacks the confident direction of a great personality; that while more abundantly supplied with certain items of material and more skilled as well as more shameless in the adoption of the ruses and stratagems that make for incidental successes, the *moral* of their troops and their individual efficiency give them no advantage whatever over the Allies; and that confidence in ultimate victory has steadily risen in the Franco-British ranks.

It would seem, too, to be a confidence based on reasoned probabilities. The Allies have some enormous and unexpected assets on their side. Russia is as much one of the surprises of the war as the big German siege-guns and the excellence of the British aviators. Regarded before its outbreak in Berlin, and possibly, too, in London and Paris, as an uncertain quantity, she has already proved herself to possess a fighting power of almost immeasurable value. Her whole heart is in the struggle, she is driven on by something of the ecstasy of a religious crusade, her mighty soul is not only awake but on fire, her military chiefs have learned the lessons of the Japanese War as thoroughly as we have learned those of the Boer War; a new, unknown and almost unsuspected Empire has risen above the mists of multitudinous internal distractions and welded all her strength into a compact thunderbolt. It is doubtful whether it crossed anybody's mind that before the war was two months old the pressure of Russia's locust-like advance would compel Germany to withdraw even a single army corps from the western theatre. Yet this, and more than this, is what has actually happened. Then, again, Austria's traditional ill-fortune in the field has on this occasion assumed the proportions of a catastrophe. Those who knew the Serbians best had the most respect for their military capacities, but very few of them could have anticipated such a succession of triumphs as they have in fact achieved. The Germans probably never looked for much assistance from their Ally, but they can hardly have

imagined he would prove as worthless and hampering and spiritless as he has. Besides this, the Allies control the seas. In the first fortnight of the struggle German commerce had been pretty well driven off the seven seas. That, of course, means more than the easy capture of so many merchant ships; it means the collapse of the whole German industrial system, the suspension of all sea-borne imports and exports, the gripping pressure of want and unemployment; it means also the possession of a strategic initiative and a freedom of action that can only be more strongly emphasised the longer the war lasts. While Russia is self-supporting and the oceans are all but as free to British trade as though we were living in times of the most perfect peace, Germany is suffering, and must continue to suffer, from a creeping economic paralysis. And Germany is a nation that for the past forty years has traded on a remarkably narrow margin, and built up an imposing industrial edifice on a very dubious financial basis. No possible expedients can raise her to the same, or anything like the same, level of monetary strength and resources as we ourselves command. If Mr. Lloyd George was right in saying that the last few hundred millions would win this war, he was doubly right in hinting that when the time came they could only be found in the British purse. In addition to all this, the diplomatic situation is powerfully on the side of the Allies. That is to say, the inevitable extension of the war through the entrance into the arena of now neutral countries promises to tell decidedly against the Teutonic Powers. The balance of whatever further adhesions may be made to the fighting strength of either side will prove beyond question to be a balance in favour of the Allies.

Judged, then, by whatever test one chooses to apply, whether of numbers, reserves of men and wealth, or capacity to sustain a drawn-out industrial and financial crisis, the enterprise on which Germany has embarked seems doomed to failure. None the less, it would be the very height of folly to imagine that anything less than the utmost strength of which all and each of the Allies are capable will suffice for her overthrow. They egregiously misread German conditions and the German character who do not realise that in this war all of the Kaiser's subjects

are as united and as passionately convinced of the justice of their cause as we are ourselves, or who conceive that the hardy German spirit has lost anything of devotion and self-sacrifice, or who delude themselves with the idea that victory is essential to the maintenance of the enemy's fighting power. To all Germans this is a desperate struggle for national existence, and no hallucination could be more mischievous than to attempt to distinguish between Prussia and Bavaria, militarism and "culture," the war-party and the nation. Germany is one in a sense she never has been one in all her history; she can place in the field probably not less than 6,000,000 men; fighting on her own territory, behind defences that nature and the utmost military skill have rendered all but impregnable, and with her back to the wall, she will put up a resistance that will cease only with the last cartridge and the last shell. Moreover, the unpredictable chances that surround all warfare, and especially by sea, may, for all one can tell, favour her fortunes. A naval force, however preponderant, is not an absolute guarantee of security so long as the hostile fleet is still in being. There is need, therefore, for a much clearer appreciation of the nature and magnitude of the task ahead of us than one can profess to discover among our people as a whole; and need also for a far greater concentration of energy and foresight than has yet been effected. We have begun a prolonged and bitter struggle in which victory will be achieved only by the maximum of effort. Given that maximum, it is hardly open to question that ultimately victory will follow. But nothing less than the maximum will be enough.

This war will rank among the most momentous in history for this if for no other reason, that it can only end in a reshuffling on a scale never before attempted of the political boundaries and arrangements of Europe. Whichever side wins there will be a new dispensation. But with this difference. No German triumph would ever be accepted as final by Russia and no readjustment of the European map traced by the Kaiser's sword would have even the smallest guarantee of stability. On the other hand, there is a chance that a victory for the Allies would lead to something like a permanent settlement, if only its main principles can be explored and agreed upon in

advance. That is why it is not, even now, premature to discuss in a general way the sort of peace that the Allies should aim at, or the sort of peace that Germany hopes to impose. Among the many aspects of the war not enough attention has been given to the consequences of a German victory or to their bearing on British interests. We know in these islands pretty well why we are at war and for what, but the popular mind still only partially understands the effects of a possible defeat. Everybody is aware we are fighting to safeguard the independence of Belgium, but comparatively few have realised what the independence of Belgium means to us, and why it is a matter of life and death for us to preserve it. Even the lesson of the fall of Antwerp has been only half learned and its aftermath only faintly guessed. People have discussed its connection with the military operations in France as though that were the sum of its significance. The truth, of course, is that it is absolutely vital to every British interest to see that Germany is turned out of Belgium bag and baggage. If Germany wins not only will Antwerp become an unassailable German base menacing our whole south-eastern coast, not only will every shred of Belgian independence have vanished, but Holland will share the same fate. The fates of the two countries are inextricably intertwined. To suppose that a triumphant Germany would quietly allow the Dutch to remain as they are now, astride the Scheldt and the Rhine, with the key to Germany's front door in their pockets, and barring her out from the full freedom of the North Sea, is to suppose what is not merely incredible but fantastically so. The whole Belgian and Dutch littoral would fall immediately and inevitably into German hands, and a series of German Gibraltars would spring up, the nearest of them only sixty miles from Dover, the furthest less than two hundred from Harwich or Sheerness.

A Germany permanently established on the Dutch and Belgian coasts and accumulating, behind their defences and within a few hours' steaming of our shores, the armed plant for an invasion of Great Britain, would mean that never again in this country should we have one moment's security. We should have to live year in and year out on a war footing, with naval estimates running into the hundred millions sterling. We simply could not stand the

strain. Such a Power as Germany would then be would be irresistible. Our nerves, our money, would alike give out; our commerce would wither away. Whatever efforts we put forth Germany could surpass them. Secure in half a dozen unreachable strongholds from Antwerp and Flushing to the Kiel Canal, she would merely have to wait and prepare. Our national existence would shrink into a shameful thing of ceaseless and subservient terrors. Our policies would be dictated from Berlin. A wave of Germany's hand, and we should be obliged to dismiss any Minister to whom she objected, just as France a few years ago under the proddings of the German ramrod had to dismiss M. Delcassé. And one day the blow would fall, an immensely mightier blow than Napoleon ever had it in his power to deal. It would not be a raid; it would be an invasion. We might be able to repel it once, twice, three times. But it would be incessantly renewed. Our Fleet, whatever happened elsewhere and however great the need of it in other parts of the Empire, could never for a moment leave the North Sea. It would be tied down to the supreme necessity of guarding against Germany. Sooner or later, by the mere law of averages, Germany would break through, Great Britain would be invaded as Belgium and France have been invaded, but with a far greater passion of hatred, and these famous islands might sink, in the grim phrase of Sir Edward Grey, to be "the conscript appendage" of their German rulers. And these are not hypothetical possibilities, not things that may happen, but that must happen, if Germany wins and Belgium and Holland become parts of the German Empire. But a German triumph carries with it greater consequences than that. It implies the subjugation and dismemberment of France. It means that there would be nothing to prevent Germany's demanding the surrender of the whole French Colonial Empire and of whatever ports or naval bases on the northern coast of France she might care to choose. Such a victory as Prussia gained in the war of 1870 might, if it were to be repeated to-day, lead to Germany's being planted not only as our restless and hostile neighbour in Africa and Asia, but as our implacable enemy in Calais, Havre or Boulogne, and disputing with us the very freedom of the English Channel.

Thus even if Germany avoids, as she can indefinitely, a decisive naval action, and if both the British and German fleets thereby come out of the war practically intact, a German victory on land would entail consequences utterly subversive of British security. What else it would entail in the pillaging of French wealth and territory and in the condemnation of the Balkans to an inferno of endless strife between Slav and Teuton, one need not stay to inquire. For it is evident that no such conditions of peace dictated by Germany, however lenient towards Russia, could ever be accepted by the Tsardom as more than a temporary armistice. If there is one thing that Europe should have learned by now it is that to multiply Alsace-Lorraines is to multiply wars, armaments and a chronic unrest. But if Germany were to reduce Russia and France to the point where they would feel obliged to sue for peace we should have merely a starting-point for new wars, a war for the conquest of Holland, another for the expansion of German influence and power in the Balkans and along the Adriatic, and a third for the humiliation of Italy. And this would be so even if the Wilhelmstrasse asked little or nothing from Russia and contented itself with stripping France of her Colonies. Even, therefore, if Germany succeeded—it is an all but unthinkable contingency—in driving a wedge between the Allies and inducing or coercing some of them to make peace separately, it is clear that on the basis of German ascendency there can be no durable tranquillity in Europe. A victory for the Allies on the other hand, if properly utilised, ought to mean not only a very different Europe from any this generation has known, but one redrawn along the lasting lines of justice and nationality. There are those, I know, who look forward to something much more than this, who hope that as the result of this struggle the peoples of Europe will be equipped with a new set of dominant ideas such as will make war impossible, who anticipate the beginnings of universal disarmament, and who seem to take it for granted that kingship and its baneful concomitant of dynastic interests will disappear. That something really effective will be done to chain down militarism is very probable. It certainly will be done if the democracies are able to make themselves felt. It almost as certainly will not be done

if the professional diplomatists take charge of the settlement. Nor is it likely either that the prodigious task of remaking Europe along big lines of sanity and contentment will be adequately discharged unless popular opinion in the countries that will draft the final terms of peace is informed, vigilant and operative. We have had in the past diplomatic rearrangements without number. We do not want another. The Berlin Congress, the European Concert, such profound futilities as the diplomatic "settlement" of the Cretan and Albanian questions—it is vital to get clear of that whole atmosphere of fencing, timidity and make-believe. There must be clean sweeps, a bold use of the knife, and a firm subordination of monarchical and strategic fancies to the fulfilment of national desires.

Whatever the part taken by Great Britain in prosecuting this war to a victorious finish, her power and influence ought to be second to none in determining the subsequent reconstruction of Europe. We shall stand in a position of immense and beneficent possibilities, and it will be altogether our own fault if we fail to turn them to account. It was primarily to protect the independence of the small nations that we entered the war, and their future and security must be our first consideration. The union of severed peoples, the restoration of disrupted States, the simplification of European and especially south-eastern politics by satisfying the claims of blood and speech, the abolition of whatever prevents a distinctive and homogeneous group or race or nationality from deciding its own destiny and expanding to the full limits of its individual power and consciousness—it is to principles such as these that we must nail our colours. The end to be kept in view, said Mr. Asquith, at Dublin, is "the idea of public right." "What does it mean," he asked, "when translated into concrete terms? It means first and foremost, the clearing of the ground by the definite repudiation of militarism as the governing factor in the relations of States and of the future moulding of the European world. It means next that room must be found and kept for the independent existence and the free development of the smaller nationalities, each with a corporate consciousness of its own. Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and the Scandinavian countries, Greece and the Balkan States—they must be

recognised as having exactly as good a title as their powerful neighbours, more powerful in strength and in wealth, to a place in the sun. And it means, finally, or it ought to mean, perhaps by a slow and gradual process, the substitution for force, for the clash of competing ambition, for groupings and alliances, and a precarious equipoise, of a real European partnership, based on the recognition of equal right, and established and enforced by a common will. A year ago that would have sounded like a Utopian idea. It is probably one that may not, or will not, be realised either to-day or to-morrow. But if and when this war is decided in favour of the Allies it will at once come within the range, and before long within the grasp, of European statesmanship." In much the same sense Mr. Winston Churchill has outlined his idea of the new Europe. "Let us be careful," he said, "not to make the same mistake, or the same sort of mistake, as Germany made when she had France prostrate at her feet in 1870. Let us, whatever we do, fight for and work towards great and sound principles for the European system. The first of those principles which we should keep before us is the principle of nationality, that is to say, not the conquest or subjugation of any great community, or of any strong race of men, but the setting free of those races which have been subjugated and conquered. And if doubt arises about disputed areas of country, we should try to settle their ultimate destination in the reconstruction of Europe which must follow from this war with a fair regard to the wishes and feelings of the people who live in them."

The principle of nationality, modified in particular instances by a sort of local option—this is to be our guiding star. Let us see whither it will lead us. What sort of a Europe would emerge from the application of this convulsive principle to the existing system? Obviously whatever else would emerge, Austria-Hungary would not. That polyglot and invertebrate chaos, held together for so long by fears that have now ceased to terrify, a mosaic of racial antipathies, destitute of anything resembling a sense of common patriotism, is the very negation of all that is understood by the principle of nationality. I have never been among those who believed that Austria-Hungary would one day break up through the violence of its internal

antagonisms. Is there, indeed, a single instance in modern history of a State, not shattered to pieces by a foreign foe, but shattering itself to pieces by the force of centrifugal reaction? Apart from the monarchy, the dynasty, the Army, and what Palacky called the "international necessity" of Austria-Hungary, I have never felt it paradoxical to maintain that the defiant strength of the Dual Monarchy has been largely due to its very complexity; that the diversity of the enmities it contains has really made for equilibrium; and that there has been, in fact, a static quality in the infinity of its cross-currents and cross-purposes, and in the intermingling of its multifarious opposites. But the war has necessarily shifted the whole angle from which the problem of the Dual Monarchy must be approached. If one can believe even half of the confident announcements of the General Staff in Petrograd, the spectacle presented by Austria-Hungary to-day is that of an Empire in process not merely of dissolution, but of annihilation. As a military Power it has apparently already been broken. As a State it seems equally destined to perish in unlamented violence; and such has been its diplomacy, such its governing incapacity, that three-fourths at least of its peoples hail its humiliating disasters and look forward to its ultimate disruption as the stepping-stones to a brighter future.

The vivisection of this "ramshackle Empire" in accordance with the claims of racial affinity has long been the speculative amusement of publicists. There is now a prospect of its being carried out in the concrete. The promise made in the name of the Tsar of the restoration of ancient Poland disposes of Galicia; Roumania will undoubtedly demand Transylvania and union with her kinsmen; Serbia and Montenegro have established by war their right to annex Bosnia and Herzegovina, Croatia and Slavonia; the Magyars presumably would form an autonomous State of their own; Italy will certainly absorb the Trentino and Trieste, and possibly Pola and Fiume; and from the Czechs in Bohemia and Moravia there may be formed another self-governing State under the suzerainty of the Tsar. But if the principle of nationality is rigidly adhered to, the 10,000,000 German-speaking Austrians and the districts they inhabit will necessarily be

added to the German Empire, which would then become in very truth the Empire of the Germans. With what degree of enthusiasm the Prussians would welcome the incorporation of so many millions of Catholics, or the soft and easy-going Viennese would rejoice over the change from the Hapsburgs to the Hohenzollerns, I will not attempt to determine. But it seems clear that if Mr. Churchill's warning against subjugating any strong race of men and against setting up another Alsace-Lorraine meant anything, it meant that Germany is to be compensated for territorial losses in some directions by accessions in others. A victory for the Allies necessarily carries with it the surrender to France of Alsace and Lorraine, some readjustment of the Belgian frontier, probably by the annexation of Luxemburg, and perhaps, too, the restoration of Schleswig-Holstein to the Danes. At the same time the province of Posen is ear-marked for the rounding off of the autonomous Poland. The calculation, therefore, appears to be that if these losses are offset by the magnificent acquisition of German-speaking Austria, Germany will have little or nothing to complain of, will harbour no resentment, will emerge a greater and a more homogeneous Power than she is to-day, and will be deprived of any excuse for meditating a new *revanche*.

There are many other questions like the future of Heligoland and the Kiel Canal and the means to be taken for rendering Prussian militarism impotent for further mischief, and the indemnity problem that lie rather outside the purpose of this article. On the other hand, the Balkans, as the classic home of racial convulsions, come well within its scope, and offer for all political cartographers a peculiarly tempting field. Until, however, we know definitely what action Turkey intends to take, speculation is narrowed down to the possibilities of recapturing the frame of mind that made the Balkan League the happiest, if also one of the shortest-lived, gleams of sunshine that has yet fallen across South-eastern Europe. It would be a fruitful day for Great Britain if, through the confidence of the smaller nationalities in our statesmanship, an accommodation could be effected that would take off the edge of Bulgarian resentment against her former Allies. With the malign influence of Austria-Hungary finally shaken off, the Macedonian

question under British auspices might easily lend itself to a give-and-take settlement that Serbia could afford to offer and Bulgaria could afford to accept. There would then be left over little more than the question of Albania as a clear case for "local option." A Europe thus transformed in consonance with a central idea would assuredly be a more peaceful Europe than any that is likely to be the offspring of a Teutonic victory. An era of real contentment and of expanding democracy may, if the peoples of the Allied Powers have the vision and the strength to will it, be the fruit of Germany's defeat. But Germany must be defeated first.

From Behind the Front

By F. Tennyson Jesse

The first thing to be said in a matter of this nature is to apologise for the unavoidable use of the word "I." Try as one may, it is impossible altogether to dispense with it in analysing the net result of accumulated impressions. For any interpretation of things seen and felt, whether expressed in paint or stone or words, is bound to be affected by the angle of vision of the individual. In more normal matters, such as the rendering of a landscape, for instance, it is just this which makes the interest of a man's work—it is not the thing seen, but the way in which the painter has seen it which is of value. But, in vision as in every other thing in life, there is a point where the complete reversal of law takes place, and in the case of war it is the actual vision and not the angle of it which matters. Therefore, although the "I" must be used, it can be very much more of a cipher than is ordinarily possible.

When, a couple of months ago, I went to Belgium, I carried this theory in greater rigidity, and was eager to prove that one of the chief benefits of war was that it practically eliminated the personal equation. Fortunately, having the advantage of complete ignorance instead of any half-knowledge, I let my mind be as unbiassed and open as is humanly possible—or so I flatter myself—and therefore, though with bitter regret, saw my theory blown to pieces as surely as though by a 42-centimetre gun.

This did not happen all at once, owing to the complexity of the Belgian mental condition. There is a great deal written about the wonderful heroism of this hybrid little nation, its self-sacrifice, stoicism, and unfailing valour, but the affair was really not nearly as simple as that. For many weeks I could see nothing but a mass of contradictions to which I could find no one key, though tormented all the time by the feeling that somewhere must be

the secret spring which controlled the apparent intricacies. All that was possible for a long time was to go on piling up incident after incident, merely stating them, without favour and without attempt at classification.

The Belgian soldiers are undoubtedly brave to carelessness; I have seen them go into battle, and gone with them, when they were laughing as they went, but behind their laughter was desperate hatred and determination. Nevertheless, their discipline is poor and their organisation not to be compared with that which makes of the German army such a formidable machine. Also the Belgians are apt to get panicky at the wrong moment, and to be courageous—with the same sort of courage which enables people to live on the slopes of a volcano—when it would be better if they displayed more dread. I was in Ghent when the Germans were supposed to be on the point of arriving, and several thousand Guards Civiques threw their uniforms in the canal and were running about in pink and blue underclothing. Yet it is fairly certain that had the Germans made a peaceable entry, there would, at that time, have been a civilian to commit a folly—to fire or throw something, were it only a bucket of dirty water. One could hear responsible men, the shopkeepers of the town, declaring with pride that they would throw vitriol at the Germans in the streets, and apparently thinking it would be an action to be commended. An entirely false idea of the enemy was given in the Belgian Press (our own Press has reflected their attitude), and the little Boy Scouts would assure one that the Germans all fell on their knees and begged to be spared in battle. This largely accounted for the over-confidence of the people, which really, as I have said, was like nothing so much as the habit of mind of those who live on the slopes of an active volcano. It is always oneself who cannot be killed when the bullets are flying; it is always one's own town to which nothing can happen. Liège and Namur and Malines—the citizens of Ghent spoke of them as of some terrible dream, but it was only when disaster came as near as Termonde that it really took a grip on the imagination of the Gantois. And even then, while the fugitives were streaming through the town and the station was blocked with the panic-stricken, most of the bourgeois sat placidly, sure that the Germans could never come to Ghent—why

they were sure of it, except on the theory I have suggested, that no one thinks harm can come too near home, I cannot imagine.

But, as time went on, a change came over the spirit of the people in West Flanders. Gradually it dawned on them that the Germans were advancing irresistibly; that the perpetual taking and re-taking of ruined towns, always magnified into Belgian victories, was purely unimportant; and that the shuttling back and forth along the roads, skirmish after skirmish, with a few kilometres' advantage now to one side, now to the other, was really regulated at the discretion of the enemy—then it was that a deadly depression came over the non-combatants like a miasma. That was the terrible part of the war in Belgium—not the battles, when a certain excitement, and, much more, the necessity for continuous physical exertion, kept the soldiers' hearts up—but the depression that crept over the country till it was almost possible to think it tangible and visible. War is never dramatic, but it is intolerably miserable and sordid. The endless processions of homeless, wounded, broken people, the sight of ugly rust-coloured bloodstains, the cries of children, the pitiful sight of starving dogs half-mad with amazement as they tear at the senseless and deserted doorways—these things, after weeks and weeks of them, eat into the soul. At first the horror carries a certain stimulus—it does not amount to a thrill, but it is absorbingly interesting—and then this satiety of sorrow settles down on the heart like a grey blight upon foliage. In all Flanders there were only three things that gave me a twinge of excitement—the first time I heard heavy firing; once when, high in the night sky, I saw a Zeppelin sliding past the stars; and the few times I was in a car with a military driver who gave the word for the day to the sentries. The first was rather awful, and yet had a smack of unreality because it sounded so exactly as one would have imagined it sounding; the second was awful and beautiful too, and unlike anything one could ever have thought of; and the third gave me a quite childish pleasure.

This running through the lines in a car with the "word" —"Charles," or "Lierre," or "Peronne," or whatever simple word it happened to be from noon to noon—was

one of the few things about the war which was at all like what one would have expected from the bellicose books of one's youth. This was especially so at night, when a light would flash across the road, the command to halt be shouted out, and the car would come to a stop, with a grinding of brakes, in the vague halo of brightness made by the sentry's lantern. Then, to lean forward and give the word behind one's hand, to hear the sentry's "*Bon!*" and to go whirling on, when less favoured folk were held up for half-an-hour over papers, and then perhaps not allowed to pass—all this had the real cloak-and-dagger touch about it.

One of the real dangers in Belgium was being shot by one's own sentries, especially if they happened to be Guards Civiques, who often can't tell one end of a rifle from the other. Such as these invariably levelled their ancient weapons—muzzle-loaders of '48—at one's person before the car could possibly come to a stop; and once, when I had been lent a Consular car, the driver of which was an out-of-work music-master with the heart of a hare, the danger was augmented by the fact that at every challenge he took both hands off the wheel and held them above his head.

Still, all things considered, the Belgians of every class have behaved wonderfully well, and though often foolish—as when they committed the stupidity of mounting their gun against Zeppelins on the Cathedral at Antwerp, a mistake fortunately soon rectified—they seemed to me very free from vice. It has been rather a habit of thought, since the Congo, to call the Belgians a cruel race. I mixed intimately, under normal and abnormal circumstances, with every class during the war in Flanders, and it seems to me nothing could be further from the truth. Their devotion to their pet animals is one of the best signs possible. There is always a bad element in the people of any nation which can be made use of, and this was the case in the Congo. But though I have, it is true, seen a Belgian Red Cross man commit the idiocy of having an automatic in his belt, I have proved them most humane in their treatment of German wounded.

The psychology of the invaders is at once more simple and more difficult to get at than that of the Belgians, for it

has to be deduced largely from effects, owing to the inadvisability of attempting to obtain first-hand knowledge. It will readily be understood that the atrocity stories are very exaggerated. There is always, for instance, the story of the girl from Aerschot, who declared she had been assaulted by six successive Germans, but that she was quite unconscious all the time. . . . I investigated a good many atrocity tales, and found that, with the exception of two little girls of ten and eleven from Termonde who had been brutally tampered with—the stories had a way of melting into nothing. But of cases of ruthlessness and lack of humanity carried to the uttermost edge I found many. One of the favourite customs of the German Army on its victorious march through a town is to take away men and boys, or even women, to go in front of their bayonets. I knew a woman—one of many similar cases—in Ghent, who was a refugee from Termonde. Her husband had been ill in bed for several weeks, so they stayed for the German entry and hoped for the best. The commander took her husband, in shirt and trousers and slippers, and her only child, a boy of fifteen, and marched them away. Eighteen days later she had still had no word of them, and very likely she never will. She was quite controlled as she talked to me, though the tears stood in her eyes, and she kept on referring to the boy as "the little one." "You must think me very silly," she apologised, "calling him the little one when he is fifteen, but when there is only the one it is always the 'little one,' is it not?" It was the most pathetic thing I ever remember to have heard, because it was so simple and direct.

It is to be feared that if the Belgians ever get into Germany reprisals will be terrible. I was sitting one night in the hall of a little hotel in Ghent when some Belgian soldiers who had been drinking there passed through on their way out. The man to whom I was talking—a town councillor and a quiet and level-headed person—interrupted himself to call after them: "Boys, there's one thing I have to say to you. When you get into Germany mind you pay back on their women all the kisses the *sales cochons* have given ours." They shouted their agreement and went out into the night, and I made a perfectly futile remonstrance to the man beside me.

"They deserve it, the brutes," he replied.

"But their women don't. They're as innocent as yours. It isn't their fault," I said.

"Yes, it is," he said. "They bred the men."

And there is some truth in that.

Over here in England I find there are, roughly speaking, two points of view about the truth of the "atrocity stories." One is that of the ordinary person who believes everything bad he hears about the enemy, especially if it be in print; the other is the more subtle one of him who likes to err if anything on the side of over-fairness. This latter type declares that the Germans have done nothing which has not been done by any army all the world over, and that is largely true. Rape is a common occurrence in war, and it would be well if civilised nations followed the example of certain savage tribes which always sent their womenkind over to a position behind the enemy, so that each stood as hostages for the other—a condition invariably respected by these aboriginals. When it comes to the more serious question of cruelties there is no doubt that the Prussians have a stronger fibre of brutality in them than other nations, for their civilisation is founded on it, though which is the cause and which is the effect I am too ignorant to say. But I have seen the results myself in West Flanders, and though greatly exaggerated, some atrocities, and a practically unlimited amount of brutal ruthlessness —a ruthlessness which, after all, is merely the war-idea carried to its logical conclusion—have undoubtedly taken place. But it should not be forgotten, even in the case of the worst atrocities, that these things are less unpardonable when committed in time of war than a murder or mutilation is in times of peace. All lusts—blood-lust, the madness for destruction, for looting, any of these or others have, if deeply enough touched, a common spring. Touch one, and automatically the rest are set in motion. Several people have asked me if the discipline of the German Army is not wonderful, and when I reply that it is, they object that men so perfectly disciplined would never run amok so readily. The incorrectness of this can be seen at once —it is the very rigidity of the discipline which is accountable; if the tightness of the ruling hand deliberately slacken, the escaping units go to extremes from pure re-

action. Also there is always the instinct which, when a schoolboy is bullied by a senior, makes him take it out in his turn by bullying those smaller than himself. To this extent, then, the Prussian officers are responsible for the excesses of their men; for that they can keep them in hand if they wish is shown by the splendid restraint of the army now in possession at Antwerp. It is the excellence of the German behaviour in Brussels and Antwerp which is one of the strongest arguments for the deliberateness of the excesses elsewhere.

In touching on the point of view of the correspondent, I find the personal equation is bound to enter again; for, under the conditions which existed in Belgium, with the Germans considering a journalist must be a spy, the Belgians also prone to arrest, and the English authorities eager to suppress as much as possible anything a newspaper man contrived to learn and to "get through" was a matter of luck, and luck after all is a very personal affair. I know the whole time was gloomy enough—the weeks of waiting in dark third-rate little hotels, the ceaseless efforts to arrive where anything was happening, the failure to do so, or, as often happened if one succeeded, the discovery that the rumour of action had been false and that not a German had been within miles; the cold rain, the never-ending processions of sick and wounded and homeless, the gloom and sordidness of the whole affair—these, far more than the occasional success of something seen and work done, went to make up life for the correspondent. As to "war from the woman's standpoint" which I had been told to write, I found that there is no woman's point of view in war. War is war, that is all. There are two respects in which, mentally, it is worse for a woman. One is the peculiar danger already referred to which a woman incurs, and of which the thought strikes with a deadly terror at the mind, and the other is the old accepted part of waiting—and waiting without news. As to the former, all women should be cleared out of a country before war, and the dread so handicaps a woman-correspondent that the only solution is there should be no such creature. For the latter case there is no remedy, and the solace of recognition of its agony is the only palliative. It is an old truism, but I for one never had sufficient imagination to realise it until I

saw for myself that waiting is the harder part. There could be no worse hell than an eternity of hope.

No mention of the conditions in Flanders, of either the Belgians, the Germans, or the English, would be adequate without a protest at the way in which accurate knowledge, when obtained, is not allowed to be given out. The anachronism of the present system of censorship lies in the very fact that so many difficulties are put in the way of the correspondent at the front. Either there should be a strict censorship at home, but the newspaper men be permitted at least to get the news even though its publication at the time be forbidden; or there should be no censorship and no correspondents. But as present arrangements stand, the English papers are full of untrue estimates of the strongest foe we have ever had to encounter, and of snappy paragraphs about "Tommy having tea in the trenches," and how he thinks it better than a "—— picnic." The German soldier has none of that; he just thinks it a war. Of the relative value of those two points of view it is too soon to speak—this is really a struggle between methods—between a systematic system and an unsystematic system, and the ultimate answer is bound to be either for the former and the Germans or the latter and the English. But at present the fact remains that this war, which is unlike any other there has ever been, is being so wrapped up in lies that its significance is hidden. It is a war not so much of men as of machinery, and, more especially, a war of four things—of automobiles, of air-craft, of submarines, and of big guns. A good deal was written over here on the subject of Antwerp being impregnable. In modern warfare no position is impregnable unless it is fortified by guns of at least equal range and dimensions to those of the attacking force. To put men armed with machine guns and rifles in roofless trenches to fight against shrapnel and 42 centimetre guns is to sacrifice them uselessly. The German method of advancing the men in close formation may mean ghastly losses—but they get there. They have got there, all through Belgium, and every day in Antwerp those last eight days we heard the heavy firing coming nearer and saw the flames brighter in the sky, and the streams of wounded men, women, and children growing bigger; and the English papers came in day by day saying the Germans

were being repulsed with heavy losses in their ranks. The feeling of the Belgians is not unnaturally rather bitter; they feel they have been allowed to go under, and they blame, not the English, but the French, who had, they declare, an opportunity to throw their army over the northern border at the beginning of the war, but who let the idea of Alsace and Lorraine prove too much for them. The arrival of the few thousand British on the Saturday and Sunday, who were sent chiefly to tighten up the Belgian *moral*, produced wild enthusiasm, and Antwerp for a day or so thought herself saved. The fate of these brave, ill-equipped, untrained English we in Antwerp knew by Tuesday, and knew, too, that the result of their action was to be the shelling of the town itself, which otherwise would have been surrendered when the King and the army had withdrawn. If it be objected that to surrender Antwerp would have been a cowardly proceeding, the answer is that it was unavoidable. The big guns had won. What I watched these past two months was the slow but certain strangling of a nation, and it is Belgium which, win or lose, must remain the tragedy of this war. All of Belgium has been strangled—except her spirit.

Ibsen's "Balloon Letter"—1870

To Fru Frederika Limnell, Stockholm

Translated by ANDREW RUNNI ANDERSON

"The old, illusory France has been overthrown, and as soon as the new, matter-of-fact Prussia is overthrown, we shall be at a bound in a new era." These words were used by Ibsen in a letter to Brandes written from Dresden, December 20th, 1870—while the siege of Paris was drawing to a close. The important part of this statement is that which has reference to Prussia, and this he has explained in greater detail in his "Balloon Letter," finished at about the same time or a little earlier. Here he gave an estimate of German civilisation very similar to some that are now being given. This estimate bears out his high opinion of the German people; what he took exception to, however, was the German system. To him the system seemed one that annihilated the individual, that killed personality and that murdered poetry and song, and that perverted or even subverted all that was best in the German mind and heart and soul.

The "Balloon Letter" is in form a rhymed epistle. He wrote it as a description of the visit he made to Egypt in the autumn of 1869, but in it he also described the Germans by describing their ostensible prototypes—the ancient Egyptians. Some passages in this letter are as fine conceits of poetry as anything that he wrote. The chain of events leading up to its composition is most interesting. Ibsen had spent the late summer and early fall of 1869 in Stockholm. While he was there, it became known that he had been invited as one of a party of more than seventy as guests of the Khedive to participate in an excursion up the Nile as far as Nubia, and also in the festivities at the opening of the Suez Canal. Ibsen seems to have promised his friends in Stockholm to write them an account of the excursion. The "Balloon Letter" as fulfilment of this promise did not materialise until a year afterward, while he was besieged, as it were, in Dresden. The idea was a result of the extensive use of balloons made by the French during the siege of Paris, especially the one that flew north and came down on the mountains of Telemarken in southern Norway, an occurrence to which he makes reference near the end of the poem.

YES, I'll try to write to-day,
I, who by my length of silence,
silence breaking all my vows,
fear that I have lost my case,—
I, who fared from Stockholm bounden
by a debt unparalleled,
visited the realm of Pharaoh,
raised the flap of Isis' veil,—

and to date have left undone
what with hand and what with mouth
I at *Lyran* that last evening
did both promise and engage,—
namely: with a written word
to reduce the debt a trifle.

May I? Have I still the right?
Ah, who now to right appealeth?
Nowadays a quarrel's settled
by a show of sheerest might.
Well and briefly then, I *will*;
but in anti-Prussian manner;
not because of right to mercy.
Grace upon my long delay!

Here I'm living, you might say,
as they're living now in Paris.
German heroes big and boastful
who would overturn the world;
show and bluster, flags a-flying,
"Wacht am Rhein" (that they call song),—
are the lines that here surround me.
Oftentimes, be sure, I find
that these quarters cramp me sore.
Politics and beer-house talk
are my cursteak's garnishings;
and the public press's columns,
where the German verse-art halts,
serve me up a dish delightful
as a French ragout of rats.

Even worse, when echo-tones
from our North strike hitherward;
when my hopes of light and spring
fall before the rabble's cannon;
when the future's mines are shrieking
heavenhigh blown by raw demands,
and disarmed I'm made to stand
on a broken dream's sad ruins.

Such then, madam, truth to tell,
is the motive that compelled me
to dispatch to you these lines,—
and I let fly my balloon.
Doves I have none (more's the pity!),
doves, for they are birds of hope,
and in this dark clammy grave
only owls and ravens nest.
But to send per owl, per raven
ladies' letters ne'er will do.

Now then,—as you know, last year,
when the Mælar sky was darkened,
and the leaves by frost were yellowed,
down to the Delta's field I fared.
There were days of sun and summer,
and the light-gleams were reflected
as with us a bræ from fjord.
Groves of palms and sycamores
cast o'er earth a blue-green shadow.
And the bedouin and his mate
through the desert we saw riding
borne aloft on dromedary.
Which a northern novice seeing
for the first time, startled said:
"See ye, sirs, yon ostriches?"

Well, from Cairo up the Nile
arrow-like we flew on "Ferus,"
Cheops' pyramid did visit,
where Napoleon made his mandate
while the Sphinx was meditating—
then, as both before and since.

Beni Hassan's royal graves,
which the centuries have harried,
we crept into on our bellies.
No one can the time compute;
only this can we elicit,—
if we trust the Egyptologs,
and may we not safely trust them?—

that they date from misty bygones
when King Pharaoh was god,
and Sir Potiphar his premier;
that sir premier's brother-in-law,
Joseph Jacobsen, did build them.

Memnon's statue, stone-Colossus
who, you know, once sang a song,
him one morning hour we called on,
but the old one held his mouth.
Now there is a skaldish fancy
ever since Cambyses tried him
and his ins and outs examined,
that, mayhap, with little grace he
reconstructed his interior.
This makes many a singer shiver,
and the voice then fails the ninny.
But the admiration-chair
compensates for song at sunrise.

Thus old Memnon holds his throne
on his fame for broken tones,
in he rakes the tribute coin,
gives in all his ancient glory
audience not to great men merely,
but as well to Norway's Northmen,
as Peer Gynt and humble me.

Who can render due account
of a six or seven weeks' dream?
Therefore take, I beg of you,
these few loose strokes of my pen
of my trip in light and heat
up the stream of crocodiles.

Madman's work to squander words
on our pasha-life on board
four large arks like those of Noah;—
we were four, I'd have you know,
and besides, two pairs of barks
for a genus called the smiling.

From the olden North three bears
were on "Ferus" snugly quartered;
chanticleers eleven from France;
hailed from Spain two teams of stallions,
foals of flame-and-fiery temper,
tightly reined and cutting capers,
stepping like El Ole-dancers.
If our ship's crew are included,
there were, as we all agreed,
many of a breed called asses.
Came a buck from Switzerland;
an amphibian of the race
said to live "just under water,"—
likewise came a host of olden
German wild boars well-nigh tame,
and, as subclass of the same,
one pair military prowlers;
one of high-potential anger;
one of the Brazilian book-worms,
and a host of creatures small
to be classified as rodents,
likewise—hold, no that will do.

Picture now the dragoman
now toward east and now toward west
guiding our whole caravan
to an oldtime giant ruin.
O'er the desert's yellow plains
as upon light wings we flew,
though our train, the truth to tell,
went on ass-back, and in part,
for the bold on backs of camels.
Oh, what childlike joy and mirth
as our throng pressed gaily on!
Then yon ostrich-seer alone
novice-like did make complaint
on our manner of conveyance;
shouting:—"Asses! ha, what beasts
for a man who serves the press!
I will have a real race-horse;
have we here no fullblood Nilehorse?"

Luxor, Dendera, Sakkara,
Edfu and Assuan and Phile
in my course I'll hurry by,
stopping for my only rest
while I tell you of Sahara.
Surely you have sometime heard,
when the caravan advances
through the desert-ocean's billows,
sandfloods by the simoon borne
show what things the deeps conceal,
and it sees there still life pieces.
Or, more rightly said, it wades
through interminable streets,
where all forms of living nature
have themselves with death united,
and through time been petrified
in an architecture wild.
Ribs and vertebræ and thigh-bones
all jut forth like pillars' socles,
and the brain-skulls of the camels
are the fallen capitals;
well-spaced rows of yellow teeth
are the balcons' balustrades;
fingers that in air are waving
are the shattered cornice-tops;
and like knighthood's mouldy banners
swing the tatters of their caftans.
Think now of the scene entire
quivering in the sun and stillness,
grow and grow and swell and quicken,
rise and rise a thousand times;
think of this great world of graves
like an oldtime caravan
petrified right in its course,—
and you have the Egyptian journey.
Aye, 'tis so. One morning hour
long ago a train drew forth;
priests came foremost with their wisdom's
book of hieroglyphic writ;
god-kings, king-gods rode along
o'er the centuries' expanses;—
Isis and Osiris sitting

in dumb glory forward lean
on their lofty saddle-cushions;
Horus, Hathor, Thme and Ptah,
Ammon Re and Ammon Ra,
splendour shed on every side,
in the midst of throngs proceeding;
Apis of the golden forehead
'long the riverbank is led,
slaves in millions following;—
where the company pitch camp,
sphinxes rise and pylons tower.
Over grave and victory
obelisks and tablets standing
in their picture-writing whisper;
colonnades of countless temples
pale the caravan's advance;
lines of pyramids unnumbered
are the tents it left behind.

Lo, there came a breath from north,
rose to storm on desert-ocean,
lashed the caravan's whole track;
priests were tumbling, kings were raving,
gods entire in ruin sank;
Pharaoh and all his house
in oblivion's sand were buried.
Where the swarm pressed proudly onward,
it fell lifeless, dumb and dazed;—
there entombed and hid for ages
from the light and deed of day,
like the mummy cased and swaddled
smouldered out a doomed, defeated
culture of four thousand years.

Of this caravan the remnants
we, the Khedive's guests, passed by
as we rode to Nubia's border.
We saw hosts of fellahs dredging
out the sand-waves round Abydus;
then a little farther southward
Karnak's socle-forest met us
like the giant-stumps of old;

and the Rameseum's capitals
lay like camels' skulls before us;
Luxor's hall of countless columns,
like to arms of slaves, bore witness
to the hour of storm, proclaiming
mutely "Transit gloria mundi."

With this picture I've been haunted
in whatever land I've gone;
and like spirit o'er the waters
I surmised a meaning deep.
Still at Yule-tide Thor rides tooting
foremost in the wild array,
and the gods of Greece, though fallen,
truly live, aye, live to-day.
Jove still dwelleth on the Capitol,
here as "tonans," there as "stator."
But the Idol-god of Egypt?—
Where is Horus? Where is Hathor?
Not a trace of fond tradition,
no memorial can we find.

Close at hand the answer lies.
Personality where lacking,
where the form bears not within
hatred, anger, jubilation,
blood with heart-beat throbbing fast,
there the glory of it all is
but the mummy's dry remains.
Oh, how true to life is Juno
pale and tall in anger's fire
when her husband she surprises!
And what manhood Mars betrays
underneath the golden meshes!

But what were the gods of Egypt?
Ciphers ranged in rows and figures.
What then was their life's vocation?
Simply, solely to exist,
sitting painted, spruced and stiffened
on a chair at altar-fire.

One had falcon-beak to grace him,
and another ostrich-feathers;
one was god for day, for night,
one for this, and one for that,
none received the call to live,
none the call to sin and err,
and through sin to be exalted.
Therefore lies the ancient Egypt,
Egypt of four thousand years,
in the crypt—a nameless corpse.

Sooth you see, dear madam, why
I, within the lines hemmed in,
shut my cosy room, to live
with my vision inward turned.
For outside all consolation
from me flies like autumn birds;
but with eyes turned inward I can
see my hopes with leafage sparkle.
Over buried caravans
I will build our future's roads.
Steadily our race's pathway
mounts o'er endless spiral stairs;
always in the same closed circle
ever narrow is our way;
will doth always keep aspiring,
while the point alone keeps rising.

So we're standing nowadays
vertically over Pharaoh.
Once again king God's enthroned,
while the person disappeareth
in a crowd that motions, yearns and
breaks and builds and ponders, searches
round about and underneath.
Once again the pyramid rises
as the product of the age.
Once again all veins are swelling,
tears and blood again are flowing,
that the world in large shall see
this great king-god's mausoleum.

'Tis the caravan of our times
with its Hathor and its Horus,
and above all with its chorus
blindly loyal to the standards.
Oh, what mighty works are built
now as then 'long victory's way!
In the people's storm what power!
How Egyptian-like each worker
puts in place his little stone
in the scheme of things entire!
Oh, how faultless is the drawing,
and how sure the calculation!

Aye, most truly great it is,
great, so that the world stands gaping;—
yet anon an "aber" quivers
in the midst of mouths agape.
Doubt is slow to win a hearing:—
"Is it truly great, this greatness?"
Ah, what proves a work's true greatness?
Not mere greatness in results,
but the person strong and clear
as with soul the work endowing.

Good, but now the German hordes
that are storming Parisward?
Who stands whole and clear in the danger;
singly who bears off the palm?
When stood out the person splendid,
so that mouths of millions bore
round their homes his name in song?—
Now the regiment, the squadron,
now the staff,—or else the spy—
all the leash of dogs let loose
track the game upon its way.

Surely, then, the glory's lacking.
Such a chase will win no poet;
that, and that alone lives on
that a poet's song exalteth.
Think but of our Gustave Adolph
foremost in his Swedish host;

of the prisoner in Bender,—
Peter Vessel on the frigate,
lightning-like in darkest night,—
all our kingdom's merry heroes,—
out to them our fond thoughts go
like a chorus heard to roll
forth the belts of tonal billows
'mid a thousand hands' applause
from the festal tents of spring.

Then think of our own day's heroes,
of these Blumenthals and Fritzes,
of the Herren Generale
number this and number that!
Under Prussia's ghastly colours—
sorrow's clout of black and white—
ne'er burst forth achievement's larvæ
as the butterfly of song.
They perhaps their silk may spin
for a time, but die therein.

Just in victory lies defeat;
Prussia's sword proves Prussia's scourge.
Ne'er poetic inspiration
springs from problems that they solve.
Deeds win no response in song,
if a people noble, free,
beauty-loving, are transformed
into staff-machinery,—
bristling with the dirks of cunning
from the time that Herr von Moltke
murdered battle's poesy.

So demonic is the power
that received our world to rule:
and the Sphinx, her wisdom guarding,
when her riddle's solved, is slain.

Cipher-victories are doomed.
Soon the moment's blast will veer;
like a storm on desert-plain
it will fell the false gods' race.

Bismarck and the other old ones
will, like Memnon's column-stumps,
stiff on saga-chair be sitting
songless to the morning sun.
But as we, the Khedive's guests,
after faring 'mid the dead,
in full light and festal din
went to greet a new-born era;—
yes, as we with flags a-flying,
while the world in chorus sang,
opened there the great canal;
and as we from Suez' strand
fondly glimpsed the promised land;—
thus the life-hope of the spirit,
to canals of time to come
where the world-procession meets
to the tune of hymns and chorals,
lighted by the lamps of beauty
forth shall steer toward blush of morning,
sailing toward the promised land.

So our age for beauty hungers;
Bismarck's wisdom knows it not.

Pictures of War

(France, Oct. —)

By H. M. Tomlinson

It was our second day in the war, I think, and that favourite train, bound to a popular resort at the height of the holiday season, had but two passengers in the luncheon car. There were six waiters to look after us; but four were asleep. All that was said by our company during the journey was, "Another piece of bread," and, when the train stopped, "Here we are, sir." My fellow-passenger, who otherwise showed sufficient evidence of intelligence, sat studying a popular evening paper as though it had cryptic news of his personal fate. He only glanced up when we passed under a bridge, to stare with new astonishment at its guardian soldier. He never missed a bridge. He seemed to want all the bridges and every soldier to confirm something that was incredible to him. As for me, with a calmness like that stunned vacuity with which one would stare into an abyss that had opened where one's house had been, and had swallowed all familiar, established, and necessary things, I sat watching England at war with Germany.

It looked much the same as usual. A heron, probably because it had not heard the news, stood in loneliness in fixed reflection. An old man rested motionless on his spade in a garden patch, and watched us rush past with such untroubled intentness that he seemed ironical, as a timeless being, from a stellar height, who knew all, would bend to the feverish haste of a little world doomed to its brief and troubled life. The hills, evidently, had not stirred in their eternal recumbent sleep. The sky was surprising, so ineffably profound, serene, and benignant. What I had been assured of, an impending horror, a plenary catastrophe, in which I also was definitely and helplessly involved, seemed quite wrong before that calm and lofty indifference of the universe. Yet the upward footpath to a bridge which took the railway over a river

was thick with stakes bearing entanglements of new barbed wire. There was the sea, and over it, at a great height, flew a waterplane. The North Sea, "or German Ocean," as we used to say at school! The embarkation quays of Emden were just across. In the lee of some dunes was a camp of soldiers, and across a break in the low hills sandbags had been placed. The soldiers were smoking, gossiping, sprawling on the turf on the landward side of the dunes. Two upright figures, who perhaps had dissociated themselves from the carelessness of their fellows, stood aloof and alert in reproach, far gazing and brooding, like statues.

Things like that inclined me to believe that what I had been told was, perhaps, true. It really looked as if trouble was expected. But the old woman we all remember was still selling coloured balloons to the happy children on the sands. There being no ships at sea, the idlers on the beach watched the aeroplanes passing back and forth, and at night went to dance in the concert hall on the pier. One could see no reason there to suppose an unlucky accident might bring the collapse of that state of ours which seemed based in nature itself; and so the end of our old well-being.

And see how easily, three weeks later, one could cross to France! There was only some formal insistence on identification papers. How long those invincible Germans were in showing their cruel steel! "This is perfectly ridiculous," as a passenger said to me, looking round the blue and white plain, where the sails of a few fishing craft remained fixed against the base of the wall of the sky, like abandoned attempts at the relief and decoration of a mass which had proved too spacious to be dealt with. The seas, with the stately leisure of an assurance of eternity, moved rhythmically and musically. Here there was no change. This was the same luminous world, known only to seafarers, inviolate from the insistent interruption of petty affairs, where dark doubts precipitate, and the mind, refined at last to a still clarity, regards in quietude, beyond and superior, like a planet at night, all that happens to transient men. A sailor—it was a French vessel—was looking intently to starboard, and pointed in excitement. What appeared to be the neck of a submerged monster was

rolling towards us, quite near, heedless but sentient. Our sailor regarded it with frozen anxiety, but presently clapped his hands, and ran to dip the flag of our ship. The white ensign had appeared on that nondescript. Yet that little incident, somehow, left one unmoved, as though it had been prearranged, crude evidence for unbelievers, like the obvious trick of a child. I don't think any of us, except the sailor, imagined it could be a German submarine.

Then later we were going through a French countryside which seemed as though, since men grew wheat and apples, only sun and rain made any difference, and the imperceptible movement of the year was all that compelled its folk to conform to change. The train stopped by a bank, deep in rank grass and weeds, which sloped gently to a quiet river. We were there so long that the women and children descended and gathered wild flowers. A peasant strolled from a near cottage to smoke with us on a fence, and casually told us the Germans were only six kilometres away. He waved his cigarette towards a line of poplars in the distance. That was the direction. He had heard they were coming to cut our line. The engine then whistled, and we got aboard. Now we had something of interest to talk about, and we kept looking from the train window to the east, where the skyline was empty, except for the processions of spaced trees, wondering what Germans would be like when they showed; as if they were mythical monsters. But nothing happened, though in one place we saw some Algerian troops leisurely digging trenches by the side of the line. They laughed and made shrill noises as we passed, and the children threw the flowers out of the window to them. The stations we came to were as empty as wayside stations usually are, though all had their little groups of soldiers, mostly middle-aged men, and not always in complete uniform, but wearing perhaps red pantaloons and a workman's soiled blouse, as though this were but a slovenly affair needing only scant attention. It is said that delight in war lurks in the back of man's nature; it is an occasional necessity for the good of his soul. But those who spoke to me about this war, as far as I had then got into France, spoke of it as they would speak of a horror, yet an unbelievable horror, something so distant from their minds that they could under-

stand nothing about it, though mobilisation has broken the families of all, and ruined or stopped the work of most. They looked on as children might look at the silent outside walls of a mad-house.

We came to a railway junction that afternoon, where a great press of people overlapped the edge of the platforms. Nearly all were women and children. As we ran in they had no eyes for anything but the door-handles of the carriages, and grabbed at them as they would at life-belts in a shipwreck. All they had been able to carry from their homes they brought with them, bundled into handkerchiefs, tied up in cardboard boxes, jammed into baskets. Somehow the train swallowed all these fugitives from war; the anxious women, as soon as they had secured places, relaxed into staring immobility. But one woman was wailing for her lost children. The train remained still. A long straight road, which approached the station from the east, was hidden by the march of thousands of people; the one path might have been the conduit for the inhabitants of a great region. In that endless pour of humanity the mind lost the sense that it was regarding its fellow-mortals. Individuals were lost. You thought you were witnessing a slow overflow from the hills beyond down a channel where the trees made cliffs, of some dense fluid strangely animated in its mass. The tops of motor cars floated in it, the horned herds of white bullocks swam on its surface, and great rounded covers of wains moved on the flood, all at the same slow pace. Above it, well towards the clouds, two flying machines were circling in combat. Puffs of smoke appeared from one, and the other fell sideways, vitally hurt, and dropped behind the trees. Our train moved on, while we still watched the empty sky down which the shot aeroplane had streaked like a fracture in the firmament. The curious thing is none of us spoke of it. We merely looked at each other queerly. A few miles below the junction I was surprised, when idly watching the herbage undulating past the windows, to see a kepi in the grass, and was just able to notice its wearer grinning at me, with his rifle thrust forward, before we were past. Then, of course, it was easy to find many faces, with rifles before them, feeling through the long grass, waiting hidden for something to come.

But where was this something, whatever it was? It was throwing into disorder a considerable region, with intervening seas, rivers, and hills; yet it could not be seen. None of those I talked to, who had run before it, had seen it. They might have been flying from a terror that was nameless and invisible, perhaps a myth, a terrible fancy that was infectious, and, when spoken of, was caught by listeners, and so they, too, began to run. It was behind those hills to the east, they said; but one saw only the heights of a summer afternoon, flaming only with autumn, and silent.

I left the train long before its destination, and entered another on a branch line. That train three of us had to ourselves. It was probably going to a place of no importance; we were well out of the excitement. We passed through forests which we felt encompassed us with security and seclusion. Here was sanctuary from that nameless trouble which was so infectious. In an hour we approached the small town where, for a night at least, we could retire from the distressing agitation into which we had unexpectedly plunged. It was the time for lighting lamps in homes—not night, but just when folk are coming home for the night. Yet there were no lights here, and the twilight road was empty. The pallid fronts of the houses, with their doors fast and windows covered, were like the faces of the dead. There were no children and gossipers. Then, running over a bridge, a French dragoon, the only living being there, so far as we could see, stood beneath, with a line in his hand, and laughed as he pointed at what was under our carriage-wheels. He was waiting to blow up the bridge.

Now the wilderness, when the traveller is camping alone there at dayfall, is one thing; but a deserted town, with rows of silent and empty streets, their paths strewn with broken glass bottles, and tangles of barbed wire like an undergrowth of steel brambles, is a most sinister something else. When we could just make out the outlines of the hills in the last of the light, a station official, who was sticking to his job, and was telling us the news, stopped in the middle of his story, and arrested his hand, which was pulling at his moustache. His eyes fixed knowingly on ours, and apprehensively, as though we could hear his

thought: "There you are; what did I tell you?" Artillery began to boom, and heaven only knew in which direction. Perhaps all round that town. It was coming.

Thereafter, as though we were the objects of its direct hatred, wherever we turned that sightless power seemed to pursue us. Your dread of it at last changes to anger, and you begin to deplore your civilian impotency, an inability to wait somewhere in ambush till the brute arrives, and then to mutilate it savagely. Wherever we turned, there we found it was just expected. We could find no place free from its menace. It was coming fast, and it came with a front seemingly capable of any expansion, as if, though invisible, it had full knowledge of that flight before its advance, and was aware of the intentions of us all, and made threatening sweeps to turn those who would have escaped. Ah! poor Paris! What could save it now?

One night, again cut off from the direction we wished to follow, we found ourselves in Amiens. The *cafés* and hotels were full of French soldiery. The streets were lighted and animated, lively with a circulation of groups of troopers, taciturn, travel-stained, and shabby, making in all directions. For the first time we had come upon those who were facing for us this wide menace of that confident and ruthless power; yet here, too, we could sense uneasily, perhaps as does an animal, something wrong, something near, huge, and ominous; and once again, nobody in Amiens could even tell us its shape, or where it actually was at the time. One had the conviction that what was hunting us baffled the defence of common honest humanity. Only one thing was quite certain, and we were not told even that. We had no ground for our belief, except instinct: in a short time Amiens would be completely changed, and no place for us. One did not need to be told that. One knew it, as a cat knows danger. We went back to the station. It was then past midnight.

The lights of the city were out, but the people, uneasy also, but with nothing but rumour to make them so, stood about the streets in little groups, whispering. The lighted front of the station, with its clock, looked at the city before it, and was all our illumination.

Along a main road, crossing north and south, came a

procession, at the heavy pace of a funeral, of military vehicles—ambulance wagons, limbers, and forage and ammunition vans, with their guards. Miles of them came out of the night from the north and passed before us. The soldiers, shrouded in cloaks, mounted and afoot, went by as though they were convoying the wreckage of their hopes. Wounded men lay in some wagons, with lanterns beside them. There was not a sound but the dull rumbling of those interminable wheels. We stood watching, with the people of Amiens, as though what we were looking at was the prophetic vision of what should come to European democracy; the end of all that you and I have worked for, all the liberties and aspirations which have made life endurable hitherto. It was the dark foreboding of downfall. For me, my mouth was horribly dry, and my throat was so tight and hard that I could hardly breathe. I don't think this was personal fear. After all, any of us would be willing to die, if such a simple sacrifice would help to secure the things in which we believe, in which our fellows also have put their trust. No. But at such a time, and in such circumstances, the sombre rolling of those heavy wheels, telling of defeat and retreat, was the *marche funebre* of our faith. I think if you have lived in France since last August you must have experienced all the deep social emotions which come to man.

Yet none of us, or very few of us indeed, even our soldiers, have seen the actual presence of this horror, the converted and bloody-minded of Clausewitz and Bernhardi, the worshippers of the bronze god of Krupp. At the back somewhere is the situation of the German Army, like the lair of a monstrous beast which had surrounded itself with fire and ruin. You cannot approach it. There is an unseen but inviolate barrier. I have been in France since August, and I have not seen a German.

Many of the French soldiers you meet have not seen the enemy either, though he has wounded them. Approaching that not quite determinate region, its fluctuating and impassable boundary merely a thundering which never ceases, as though going to feed an unthinkably capacious and insatiable hunger, you see men, horses, and guns always converging, by road and rail; and you see, coming away from it, the human wreckage—the men only partly eaten;

snatched away, alive. They depart in long lines of goods wagons and horse-boxes. Not figures, pictures, diagrams, or impassioned writing would convey much of an idea of the extent of this wastage and drainage of life. The affair is too vast to be dealt with. All the usual moral codes and ethical standards have gone. The mind regards it, dumb and gaping. It is useless to talk about it. Human life is no more now than the flies which swarm on stable walls. These processions of wagons leaving the mysterious territory where the armies are, are just the drainage of the vitality of nations. They are called Red Cross trains because nobody knows what else to call them. They used to be called that, in fact. They are trucks loaded with tens of thousands of mutilated men; the cargoes are packed on straw laid on dirty boards, usually without water, without food, and without any attention except that received when their wounds were dressed on the fields. Then they start on their long, slow journeys, and they may be more than a day on their straw, fevered and parched, and tearing off their bandages in their delirium. Lanterns inspect them at wayside halts, and sometimes an urgent case is dealt with on deal boards stretched between trestles in a railway booking office, by the light of a borrowed motor-lamp. When such trains arrive at a base, there are always some aboard who have been unable to last the journey. In the old days this would be called a grave scandal. I don't know what to call it now. It looks like the result, unavoidable and irremediable, of cosmic disaster beyond the compass of our means, and even of our words. Nothing we know could describe the agony, misery, squalor, waste, and the incredible stupidity of war. What has developing human intelligence made of Europe since kings became Christians? Look at it!

Still, with all this evidence of his will to destroy, it is not easy to realise the presence of the enemy. He is rarely seen. The majority of those soldiers who make the train-loads of wounded were men who have marched for days, have camped in doubt at night, and marched again before dawn, till they came to a field which looked like all other fields. Then they got into holes in the ground, and fired at some trees on a hill. There was a great noise on that hill, and a greater noise behind them. They fired at the

noise and smoke in front. Presently they were told to rush across to the hill, charging the sound; and half-way across some of them fell, and were then removed and packed into trains.

Over that field for weeks the same thing happens; at last the opposite hill becomes silent, and the French advance to new positions. It is always alike. At the back of the affair is a village, one of the military bases, its farmyards full of troopers and their horses, and camp-fires. The lanes are thronged with passing details of infantry, bearded, bronzed, and dirty, quiet and serious men, their clothes and boots plastered with layers of clay. Guns career across the roads at unexpected places, as though lawless and without restraint. Saddled horses are tethered to every post, and the cottages have become military offices. Sentries pace back and forth in the gardens. Even in the interior gloom of the little grey church you can see the red pantaloons of soldiers, resting on the flagstones. The bridge at the railway station is down, a wreckage of twisted iron with the river coiling through it. Nearer the lines, in a shallow valley, is what was once a small town, but now little better than a rubbish heap, its houses burnt and broken, with twisted bedsteads and household goods sticking out of tons of bricks and mortar. The church belfry lies in fragments across the roadway, and its bells are in the gutter. In every street are dead horses, ballooned with gases; and the stench of the wreckage should be brought home, were it possible, to all who have written splendid nonsense about the pomp and glory of war. They should be made to live in it, and write in that stench; for that, and appalling ruin and misery, are all that battles come to.

Beyond that village are beet fields and stubble; innocent enough, from a distance; but across each are shallow ditches, where the soldiers crouched and fired, old beef tins, fragments of shrapnel, uniforms, helmets, cartridge cases, and postcards from home, already resolving with rain and weather into the earth. What appear to be several big haystacks afire, smouldering heavily, their smoke going for leagues across the humid landscape of autumn, are close by. But go to windward of those. They are piles of German dead being burnt.

In the near distance are low heights, and above them,

in an empty blue sky, small round clouds miraculously appear, are suddenly created, and persist in a strange way. And, as though somewhere in those hills were the opening to the place of dread, there are roarings and detonations which continue day and night. The ground is faintly tremulous with the shocks. The sounds diminish and die down, till miles away there is only the rumbling of summer thunder; but they roll back, and increase, and become again the loud and abrupt violence of separate explosions. Then you look for the hills to rupture, and what is unknown and dreadful beyond to pour through and over the quiet plain irresistibly. But the rampart of hills remains, and the only movement one can see is the slow drift of the smoke from the funeral pyres, and the hovering of flies about the head of a dead horse.

Peg o' my Heart

In ordinary times, *Peg o' my Heart* would almost certainly enjoy one of those prodigious successes peculiar to the English and American stages, when "long runs" are apt to take the place of intrinsic merit, but even in these days the quaint Irish playlet presented at the Comedy is sure to be popular, and very rightly deserves to be. The thing was a fantastic success in America, though an Englishman wrote the play, and "Peg" is pure Irish, so that, at least, it may be claimed as a British production, and let this be mentioned in our English cause. I cannot conceive of anything better suited to the London public at this crisis. It is one of those gossamer productions which defy criticism, because it contains nothing to criticise, human nature taking the place of motive and action; a human nature which, apart from its Irish atmosphere, is quite irresistible.

I don't like saying it, but positively Peg has the Barrie touch. Of plot and machination there is none; it is a comedy of situation depending entirely upon its impersonation—of brogue, and manner, and artlessness and sentiment, without which it would be a thing "in the air," like the British Army when it was left unsupported. Fortunately, this essential is present, so actual, so bewitching, so human that for three hours one sits in pleasant rapture, absolutely entranced. Peg is an American-Irish girl who (let us say for theatrical reasons) comes into a stern and conventionally stiff English home, where the son is precisely what the Germans have discovered he is not, and the mother is a goop, and the daughter is the kind of country-house doll satirised by John Galsworthy. Into this circle Peg arrives with dishevelled locks, a dirty bag and a terrier. What happens does not signify in the least. Peg is the fact, and on Peg the whole interest and theatrical illusion depends. Right away from the start, Peg captures us, not in any stagey fashion, but naturally through her own little self, which is adorable. The moment she begins to

speak we know how fond we are of her. She is the real Irish thing—captious, sincere, winsome, gay, sentimental, like a creation from the Abbey Theatre. In short, adjectives fail to describe this little piece of human charm which thus breaks away from our Scottish stage monopoly of that virtue with two *r*'s, and even goes one better. Honest Injun, one better!

And this is the merit of Miss Laurette Taylor's Peg. She is new to us. Before she played Peg she was new to the stage. Her eyes are large and lustrous, and speak by themselves. Ibsen would have loved her long eyelashes. Her smile is the Irish feminine counterpart of Harry Lauder's tonic, the voice has the melodic ripple we seek to associate with the ideal Kathleen. She is like a clever and rather naughty child; just a piece of love, so to speak, as "Jerry" finds, for there is a male in the play who duly succeeds in winning her. Without all question, Peg is a tremendous acquisition to the stage, though, whether she is really an actress it is impossible to say. As Peg, however, she is great. It is a pure solo all through. No "star" actor ever had such a part. On the stage all the time, she could go on prattling away all night and we should be delighted, and yet there is no impression of virtuosity, so natural does her presence seem, so simply her humanity gets across the footlights.

The truth is that the play was not only written for Peg, but is Peg, studied *dans le vrai*, and its success is due to that happy combination of completely harmonious interpretation. There are some witty things in it, too. Let us give the author his due. The quality of the whole production is that kindly humanity aimed at by the masters of the music hall. And it "comes off" because that quality is genuine, native and unadorned. To miss seeing Peg would be a loss. It is one of the most human and lighthearted comedy studies that has appeared on our stage. I say emphatically, never mind the darkness of the streets and the talk about Zeppelins (I've taken three bets of a fiver that we don't get one this side of Christmas, and I'm prepared to take on another three), go and see for yourselves whether Peg is not just the most dandy little piece of lovability to be found in London. S. O.

Books

CRITICAL

ROBERT BRIDGES. A Critical Study by F. E. BRETT YOUNG. (Martin Secker.) 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

THIS is the thirteenth of a series of literary studies which we owe to the enterprise of Mr. Secker, and which have called forth quite an unexpected display of talent from our younger generation of writers. Of course there are disadvantages, seemingly grave, to this system of recording appreciations of living authors; they are tentative; they are liable to relapse into mere panegyrics; the judgment expressed is not "final." (Is anything ever final?) As a set-off to these apparent drawbacks there can be no doubt that a book like this will not only cause a number of persons to delve more deeply and with greater enjoyment into the works of our Poet Laureate, but will also be read for its own merits—as a piece of constructive criticism. It is, indeed, one of the best of the series; thoughtful and lucid as regards the verse of Dr. Bridges, and full of suggestive *apperçu's* on literature in general.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

NOTES ON NOVELISTS. By HENRY JAMES. (Dent.) 7*s.* 6*d.*

WE are glad that these scattered articles have been gathered together into this goodly volume. It was worth doing, for there is a deal of fine work here covering some twenty years: from the sympathetic study on Stevenson (1894) up to those papers of this year which readers of *The Times* Literary Supplement will remember. The peculiar excellences of Mr. James's method come out most clearly in what he says on French authors—on Flaubert and George Sand in particular, whom he dissects in masterly fashion, laying bare the mainsprings of their artistic life with a refinement and sincerity which must have delighted both of them (if they do any reading up there). How sound, too, is that little notice on George Gissing! It is easier nowadays to appreciate Gissing than it was in 1897; many people have said sensible things about him;

but in these few pages Mr. James has already put his finger on the spot and given us a clear-cut statement of his strength and weakness.

A Miscellany. Presented to J. M. Mackay. (Liverpool University Press.) 10*s.* 6*d.*

This is a most interesting collection of researches into byways of knowledge and humanistic lore—the kind of thing that does credit to our age. In suggestive fashion, nearly fifty subjects are touched upon. After a full-blooded appreciation by Sir Walter Raleigh, there follow essays contributed by friends and admirers of Professor Mackay—essays historical, artistic, and literary, as well as reprints of some stimulating speeches delivered by the Professor himself on various occasions. The volume is interesting in other respects as well. For it was only right, of course, that the labours of Mackay—all that he has done for his University and, incidentally, for the cause of liberal studies throughout England—it was obvious that these knightly services should be duly noted and commemorated. But while the Professor was unquestionably entitled, on his retirement, to some form of recognition on the part of those who have sat at his feet, one cannot help thinking of the many less apposite and less spiritual shapes which an offering of this kind might have taken. We might have given him, for instance, a motor-bicycle, a diamond-encrusted snuff-box, an elaborate silver tea-service, or some other traditional but incongruous "piece of plate," with the names of the donors duly engraved thereon. This *Miscellany* is in every way a worthier memorial. It testifies to more refined feelings; it is permanent and yet immaterial; it gives pleasure to hundreds who have never seen or heard of Professor Mackay. The originators of the project have erected a monument not only to a deserving Scotchman, but to their own good taste.

SOCIAL

Ancient Rome and Modern America. By G. Ferrero. (Putnam's.) 8*s.* 6*d.* net.

This book is something of a jumble. The final third of it deals with matters which cannot by any stretch of imagination or good will be brought within the compass

of the earlier portions. That is the worst of articles written for monthly publications; you discourse gaily on all sorts of subjects, and then, when the day of reckoning (*i.e.*, republication) comes, torture your brains for some comprehensive title that shall cover dissertations as dissimilar as *The American Definition of Progress*, *The Trial of Piso*, and *The Limit of Sport*. And the ideas are also something of a jumble. Signor Ferrero ought not to have read Bergson; indeed, to be perfectly frank, he ought never to have gone to America, for his fine mentality seems to have been infected—only temporarily, let us hope—with that toxin of Transatlantic life, hustle. From being alert, he has become evasively agile. But the disharmonies and incoherencies of this volume are attenuated by a personal note running through the whole which reveal the author as we have always known him—reasonable, refined, sincere. Visiting the United States originally on an invitation from President Roosevelt, he has distilled much pleasant and profound learning out of that chaotic continent. He holds no brief either for the civilisation of this new world or that old one which he knows so well; his formula to distinguish their respective main tendencies is "Quantity *versus* Quality," and very suggestive are his remarks as to how these apparently antagonistic ideals may ultimately coalesce to create a new form of culture: America saturating herself with what is best in European life and aspirations, and *vice versâ*. For our part, we are not quite so hopeful. That "restless vitality" of America is dangerously akin to neurasthenia; her "blush of youth" may possibly be of hectic origin. And then—how stands the "beauty" of ancient art in relation to the "utility" of modern life? Will they, too, be ultimately syncretised to build up some new conception? Well, we have re-stated moral values within the last fifty years, and æsthetic ones may well follow suit. As things are now, the Venus of Milo is fair, a traction-engine ugly. But new standards of taste are being evolved, and the day may dawn when we shall discover that there is a beauty in fitness which no art can enhance—a beauty to which art, as hitherto understood, is wholly foreign. These and many other thoughts are prompted by a perusal of this interesting book, and only in one point do we thoroughly disagree with the amiable author. He speaks, like a pastor of Salem, of the "refining" influence of Christianity in mitigating the

atrocities between man and man. Does he not know that but for the crazy ethics engendered by the Christian religion the foulest of these crimes against our fellow-creatures—crimes which a Hottentot would blush to commit—would never have been perpetrated or even thought of? *Only the nineteenth century, intent upon mitigating and humanising the penal law in every direction.* . . . Now, really! Is he unaware that it was not Nero, but certain God-fearing Christians of the pharisaical nineteenth century, who elaborated the most fiendish refinements of cruelty in penal law and inscribed them, to our eternal shame, on the Statute-book? Of course not. He knows it as well as we do, but he is anxious not to disquiet his puritan hosts. That is the worst of breakfasting with a man: you have to be civil afterwards. For the same reason, doubtless, he finds even a good word to say for that most perverse and characteristic of all American inventions—Pragmation. But it would ill become us to quarrel with so charming a person as Signor Ferrero. We will follow his example in the matter of politeness, and content ourselves with expressing the proverbial "mild surprise."

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¶ This is particularly true regarding furs; the question of fur coats and warm winter wraps being one of pressing necessity. Still, even in this direction one cannot ignore the influence of the war—for economy is the guiding spirit of all such purchases, as no one seems disposed to spend extravagant sums in this direction this season. It is, therefore, good news to hear that the buyer at one big shop, just before the war began, was fortunate enough to acquire some remarkably cheap and very up-to-date Seal Cony coats of the most luxurious design from a leading Parisian furrier, who had copied several of his most exclusive models, and made them up in specially selected Cony skins, so skilfully dyed and dressed that the fur is indistinguishable from Seal Musquash. Fashioned in the new three-quarter length with a slightly full skirt and a new type back that is very becoming, these model coats, with their wide collars and their well-cut sleeves, are so extremely picturesque and rich-looking, that one cannot believe they cost so little. From all points of view they are most thoroughly recommended to purchasers who are on the look-out for an inexpensive yet picturesque type of fur coat suitable for everyday wear.

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the skirt cut a little longer than an ordinary three-quarter jacket, and showing one of the new "flaring" hems, which is deeply edged with rich black fur. A heavy square-cut fur collar of the latest and most sumptuous type and deep fur cuffs are the only trimming, while wide revers and a low set Russian belt of the same fabric as the coat add considerably to the singularly *chic* effect of this beautiful model.

A Winter Coat for a Matron's Wear

¶ For a matron's wear one comes across some extremely becoming and picturesque wraps, also made of the new plush Pony skin, which is delightfully light yet quite warm enough for winter wear. One of these attractive models cleverly manages to combine a cape and a coatee in a highly effective manner; for in this wrap one finds the entire back fashioned like a cape, the fronts being cut with a waistcoat effect, showing a smart little cross-over coatee that terminates in a slanting belt effect that imparts more warmth and protection than an ordinary cape does. A heavy fur collar finishes off this wrap, which promises to enjoy a wide popularity during the coming winter season.

The Secret of Smartness

¶ Perhaps the greatest revolution where fashion is concerned is to be seen in the new corset which has just made its appearance and which promises to do more to produce the fashionable slender silhouette than any obesity cures or physical exercises yet discovered. Not only are these corsets of a wholly novel design, being cut in such a manner that they reduce the most bulky figure to the slender proportions so essential to a smart appearance, but they are made of a new material which, while giving ample support, takes up about a quarter of the room that coutil or brocade does. This new fabric is a wonderful and inexpensive replica of that fine silken stockenette that has hitherto been reserved for the most extravagant type of corsets only, but which has now been placed within the reach of women of strictly moderate means. The secret of the extreme elegance of the new stays is that the fabric of which they are fashioned, being made on the same principle as elastic, fits like a glove and has no unsightly ridges or unnecessary thickness to show through the dainty toilettes of to-day. What is more, these new corsets do not spread or lose their shape—they give plenty of support, and really do hold the figure in place, especially over the hips—while they are cut so low in the bust that they completely do away with that ugly pushed-up and thick-waisted appearance that has marred so many corsets of recent years.

A Club for all Shoppers

¶ With the extraordinary influx of visitors to London this winter, the question of a good tea and luncheon centre becomes all-important to those women who, not belonging to any club, hesitate before patronising a public restaurant or one of those overcrowded tea rooms where anything like comfort or privacy is non-existent. Such as these will hail with delight the charm and refinement of a luncheon and tea centre that has been opened in one of the leading West End shops which is noted for its atmosphere of refinement and good taste. Here the luncheon and tea room is run on the same lines, for quite unlike the usual shop restaurant it has all the luxurious appointments as well as the privacy of a really good club dining room. Not only is the food exceptionally good and very daintily served, but the *menu* embraces all manner of dainty dishes that are not usually found

in the ordinary shop restaurant. What is more, the prices charged are reasonable; luncheons being served *à la carte,* while the teas, which are such a feature of this place, are all served at one set price. So unusual and so dainty are the cakes supplied at these tea rooms that a brisk business is fast springing up amongst customers who, patronising this particular resort, are delighted to find that they can place orders for these delicacies to be delivered to them daily or weekly as the case may be. Half the secret of the delicious cakes sold here is that they are all made fresh every afternoon—a couple of hours' notice being all that is required to have any of the *specialité* cakes made to order.

The Development of the Knitting Craze

¶ The knitting craze is developing rather than diminishing, and, for the time being, utility knitting, in the form of comforts for our soldiers and sailors, is carrying all before it and engrossing everyone's attention. Go where one will, in trains, omnibuses, smart hotels and restaurants, in shops, at theatres and concerts alike, one is sure to come across someone or other intent upon knitting socks, mittens, gloves, body belts, or mufflers. Needless to say, the new craze has created a great demand for work bags of every sort and description, which once more are being used by every other woman one meets.

These vary considerably in size and style, everything from the severe black *moiré* reticule to the ornamental brocaded and velvet bag being pressed into service to hold work and wool. Quite the prettiest and daintiest yet seen are some delightful Marie Antoinette silk theatre bags which are being used for this purpose. These are made of delicate coloured shot or *glacé* silk, trimmed in very elaborate style with a Watteau-like adornment of fine cob-web gold lace, silk and satin flowers and dainty bead embroideries, while at the bottom is set an oval-shaped looking-glass. Just large enough to hold a half-knitted sock or a mitten these gay coloured bags make very dainty work-bags for use at an evening party or a theatre, and are very much affected by women who would never dream of carrying an ordinary utility work-bag about with them.

Jacobean Curtains and Covers

¶ Other needlework of the moment which is being executed chiefly for the forthcoming sales of work that will be held during the next few weeks for the benefit of the various charities that have sprung up in consequence of the war, takes the form of beautiful Jacobean curtains, chair backs, bed coverlets and cushions worked in bright coloured wool crewels on fine white linen backgrounds. This work is highly effective and anything but difficult to do; while it possesses peculiarly attractive historic interest, as in every case the pattern and the colouring are copied from pieces of antique needlework which have been preserved in great houses or in the various museums throughout the country. To such an extreme is this craze for Jacobean needlework being revived, that whole sets of window curtains, seats for chairs and settees, as well as bed-hangings and large screens are being made for the decoration of old Tudor and Jacobean houses in various parts of England.

Black Needlework Tapestry.

¶ Black tapestry is another variety of needlework much in vogue at the present time. This also is chiefly used for upholstery purposes, and takes the form of chair backs, etc., worked on fine canvas, which shows fine floral or landscape scenes in *Petit Point,* the delicate colours of which are thrown into high relief by black

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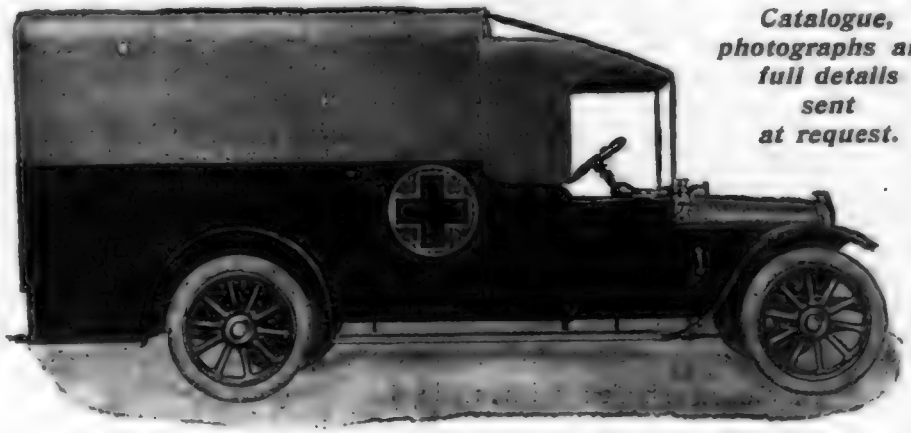

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backgrounds worked in fine black wool which are very easy to fill in. Like all the tapestry work of modern times, this can be had with both the background and the colour designs suggested—viz., lightly darned in the right colours on the canvas so that all the amateur needlewoman has to do is to work them over in the different coloured wools or silks, the effect being extremely artistic, and the work particularly interesting and engrossing to do.

Lace Trinket Trays and Powder Jars.

¶ A new and very delightful use has also been found this season for old lace. This is cleverly mounted between two sheets of fine glass in the form of trinket trays or saucers for holding pins or cigarette ash. The effect is extremely dainty and attractive, the trays being mounted with light fancy rims made of untarnishable French gilt, which adds very much to their decorative value. The lids of glass powder jars and jewel boxes are likewise treated in the same manner, the lace used for this purpose being fine old Flemish or Brussels *Point*; while the tops of lace and embroidered caps worn by the Breton peasants are also adapted to the same use with admirable effect. Needless to say, this novelty makes a very direct appeal to women of refinement, and, for the moment, these lace inset toilet and trinket sets are taking the place of those mounted in silver or silver gilt which hitherto have adorned the modern dressing-table. The popularity of the new trinket trays and jewel boxes is already assured both for novel Christmas gifts and for wedding presents.

A New Type of Candle Shade

¶ There is no doubt that black and white is the favourite and most up-to-date scheme of colour for lamp and candle shades. Coming direct from Paris, the new silhouette scheme of decoration is assuming a great popularity, and upon all sides one meets with dinner tables and drawing rooms decorated with what looks like reversed shadow-pantomime shades. Recently, however, an improvement upon the silhouette shade has appeared; this takes the form of black parchment decorated with a dainty white design showing Beardsley-like figures holding garlands of flowers. These are painted on the *inside* in delicate water-colouring, so that when the candles or lamps are lit, the figures stand out in the daintiest and most fairy-like colouring against the dense black backgrounds, giving an indescribably beautiful and dainty effect.

Enamelled Shades

¶ Another novelty are the shades made in exact imitation of those old Battersea enamelled candlesticks which are being so universally copied and fitted with electric light. The effect of these new enamelled shades with their mosaic-like designs are extremely decorative and look particularly well used in a big hall, a smoking room, or library; the tall candlesticks with their deep rich colouring being far more effective than an ordinary metal electric light or fitting.

The New Glass Boats

¶ Another very attractive table novelty is the new glass gondolier boats with glass masts which are the latest form of flower vase. These are very simple and lend themselves admirably to the arrangement of table flowers, as they are low enough not to obstruct one's view across a dinner table. Made in different sizes they are fitted with frames for holding flowers, and have the distinct merit of requiring very few blossoms for a very good effect. Filled with roses or violets they are particularly attractive, and form one of those novelties so warmly welcomed by hostesses

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¶ Nothing has been more remarkable of late than the enormous increase of women who drive their own motors. This is partly accounted for by the numbers of men who have left home owing to the war, and partly to the fact that women are beginning to realise that to secure the fuller joys of motoring they must be able, not only to drive their cars themselves, but to understand something concerning the management of the same. The difficulty hitherto has been to find the right kind of motor for a woman to drive which of a necessity must be easy to start and to control.

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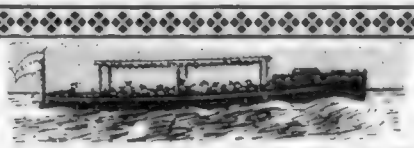

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